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THE SPEECH

OF

ANTONY.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1\. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2\. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3\. *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4\. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1\. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2\. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3\. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4\. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4\. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh! what would come of it?

4. *Cit.* Read the will: we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.
4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2. *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.
4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.
1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2. *Cit.* Room for Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle! I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh! now you weep: and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors.
1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2. *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3. *Cit.* O woeful day!
4. *Cit.* O traitors! villains!
1. *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2. *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,
—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1. *Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'il die
with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3. *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not:—I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true;—the will: let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2. *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.
3. *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1. *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, *with the Body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

ROKEBY.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

The summer sun, whose early power
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,
And rouse her with his matin ray
Her duteous orisons to pay,
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,
But sees no more the slumbers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye;
That morning sun has three times broke
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their silvan screen,
Marks no grey turrets' glance between.
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,
That, hissing to the morning shower,
Can but with smouldering vapour pay
The early smile of summer day.
The peasant, to his labour bound,
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,
Each well-remember'd spot to trace.
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall
Once screen'd the hospitable hall;
When yonder broken arch was whole,
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;
And where yon tottering columns nod,
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—
So flits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom;
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:

But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity has given,
And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

II.

Now the third night of summer came,
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owlet's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—
Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well
The cushat dart across the dell.
In dubious beam reflected shone
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,
Beside whose base the secret cave
To rapine late a refuge gave.
The crag's wild crest of copse and yew
On Greta's breast dark shadows threw;
Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,
With every change of fitful light;
As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd.
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He passes now the ivy bush,—
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,—

Ye heard the tartled raven croak;
Lower and lover he descends,
Rustle the leves, the brushwood bends;
The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, nd is beheld no more;
And by thecliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.
Methinks, hat by the moon we trace
A well-reember'd form and face!
That striping shape, that cheek so pale,
Combine o tell a rueful tale,
Of power misused, of passion's force,
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
'Tis Ednund's eye, at every sound
Tiat flings that guilty glance around;
'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divide
Te brushwood that the cavern hides
And, when its narrow porch lies bare
'is Edmund's form that enters ther.

IV.

Es flint and steel have sparkled bright,
Alamp hath lent the cavern light.
Firful and quick his eye surveys
Ech angle of the gloomy maze.
Sice last he left that stern abode,
Iteem'd as none its floor had trod
Utouch'd appeared the various spil,
Th purchase of his comrades' toil
Maks and disguises grimed with mud,
Ars broken and defiled with blod.
Anall the nameless tools that aic
Nigt-felons in their lawless trade
Upo the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.
Still n the sordid board appear
The rlics of the noontide cheer:
Flagons and empty flasks were there,
And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair;
And al around the semblance show'd,
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.

"To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" they quaff'd,
And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,
Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,
And parted—to return no more!
They found in Rokeby vaults their doom,—
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise;
And shuddering thought upon his glee,
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.
"O, be the fatal art accurst,"
He cried, "that moved my folly first;
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!
Three summer days are scantly past
Since I have trod this cavern last,
A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—
But, O, as yet no murderer!
Even now I list my comrades' cheer,
That general laugh is in mine ear,
Which raised my pulse, and steel'd my heart,
As I rehearsed my treacherous part—
And would that all since then could seem
The phantom of a fever's dream!
But fatal Memory notes too well
The horrors of the dying yell,
From my despairing mates that broke,
When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke;
When the avengers shouting came,
And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame!
My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—
That angel's interposing hand!——
If, for my life from slaughter freed,
I yet could pay some grateful meed!
Perchance this object of my quest
May aid"—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,
With paces five he metes the earth,
Then toil'd with mattock to explore

The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,
His search a small steel casket found.
Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,
His shoulder felt a giant grasp;
He started, and look'd up aghast,
Then shriek'd!—'Twas Bertram held him fast.
"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear
That deep stern voice, and cease to fear?
"Fear not!—By heaven, he shakes as much
As partridge in the falcon's clutch:"—
He raised him, and unloosed his hold,
While from the opening casket roll'd
A chain and reliquaire of gold.
Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood:
For still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quiver'd with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door.
"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free:
Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.
Chance brings me hither; hill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,
What makest thou here? what means this toy?
Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en;
What lucky chance unbound your chain?
I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower,
Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower.
Tell me the whole—and, mark! nought e'er
Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."
Gathering his courage to his aid,
But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor.
A guest the third sad morrow brought;
Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,
And eyed my comrade long askance,

With fix'd and penetrating glance.
'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—'The same.'—
'At Court who served wild Buckinghame;
Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,
So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase;
That lost—I need not tell thee why—
Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply;
Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I guess'd
My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone;—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—
'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?'

VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never yet
Hath failed to sharpen Denzil's wit,
Prompted his lie—'His only child
Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron smiled
And turn'd to me—'Thou art his son?'
I bowed—our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.
Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favour won;
And long since had their union been,
But for her father's bigot spleen,
Whose brute and blindfold party-rage
Would, force per force, her hand engage
To a base kern of Irish earth,
Unknown his lineage and his birth,
Save that a dying ruffian bore
The infant brat to Rokeby door.
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed;
But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well-meant and kind,

The Knight being render'd to his charge
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,
To which was leagued each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale
Proffer'd, as witness, to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood.
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;
And then—alas; what needs there more?
I knew I should not live to say
The proffer I refused that day;
Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,
I soil'd me with their infamy!"—
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "wavering still,
Unfit alike for good or ill!
But what fell next?"—"Soon as at large
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,
There never yet, on tragic stage,
Was seen so well a painted rage
As Oswald's show'd! With loud alarm
He call'd his garrison to arm;
From tower to tower, from post to post,
He hurried as if all were lost;
Consign'd to dungeon and to chain
The good old knight and all his train;
Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,
Within his limits, to appear
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,
In the high church of Eglistone."—

X.

"Of Eglistone!—Even now I pass'd,"
Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast;
Torches and cressets gleam'd around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,

And I could mark they toil'd to raise
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,
Which the grim headsman's scene display'd,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda wed his son ;—
She loves him not—'tis shrewdly guess'd
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.
This is a turn of Oswald's skill ;
But I may meet, and foil him still !——
How camest thou to thy freedom ?"—" There
Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd rage,
A scroll was offer'd by a page,
Who told, a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the Castle-gate.
He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange ;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turned to actual agony ;
His hand like summer sapling shook,
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged, in time of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed ;
And thus apart his counsel broke
While with a ghastly smile he spoke :—

XI.

" ' As in the pageants of the stage,
The dead awake in this wild age,
In his own deadly, all men deem'd decreed
Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,
He train'd to aid in murdering me,—
Mortham has 'scaped ! The coward shot
The steed, but harm'd the rider not.' "
Here, with an execration fell,
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell :—
" Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,"
He mutter'd, " may be surer mark !"
Then sat, and sign'd to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.

"Wycliffe went on:—'Mark with what flights
Of wilder'd reverie he writes:—

THE LETTER.

"'Ruler of Mortham's destiny!
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.
Once had he all that binds to life,
A lovely child, a lovelier wife;
Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.
Mark how he pays thee:—To thy hand
He yields his honours and his land,
One boon premised;—Restore his child!
And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honours, or his name;
Refuse him this, and from the slain
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.'—

XII.

"This billet while the baron read,
His faltering accents show'd his dread;
He press'd his forehead with his palm,
Then took a scornful tone and calm;
'Wild as the winds, as billows wild!
What wot I of his spouse or child?
Hither he brought a joyous dame,
Unknown her lineage or her name:
Her, in some frantic fit, he slew;
The nurse and child in fear withdrew.
Heaven be my witness! wist I whe[illegible]'s heir,—
To find this youth, my ki[illegible] give with joy
Unguerdon'd[illegible] father's arms to fold his boy,
And Mortham's lands and towers resign
To the just heirs of Mortham's line.'—
Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear
Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer;—
'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!
In thine own jailer's watchful care
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;

Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.—

XIII.

"Up starting with a frenzied look,
His clenched hand the Baron shook:
'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,
Or darest thou palter with me, slave!
Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers.'
Denzil, who well his safety knew,
Firmly rejoin'd, 'I tell thee true.
Thy racks could give thee but to know
The proofs, which I, untortured show.—
It chanced upon a winter night,
When early snow made Stanmore white,
That very night, when first of all
Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall,
It was my goodly lot to gain
A reliquary and a chain,
Twisted and chased of massive gold.
—Demand not how the prize I hold!
It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—
Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,
With letters in the Irish tongue.
I hid my spoil, for there was need
That I should leave the land with speed;
Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear
On mine own person gems so rare.
Small heed I of the tablets took,
But since have spell'd them by the book,
When some sojourn in Erin's land
Of their wild speech had given command.
But darkling was the sense; the phrase
And language those of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to foil
An interloper's prying toil.
The words, but not the sense, I knew,
Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.

"'Three days since, was that clue reveal'd,
In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,

And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid
Her uncle's history display'd;
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell.
Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham's lord to wed.
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,
Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore,
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his farther will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,
Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

XV.

"'O'Neale it was, who, in despair,
Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir;
He bred him in their nurture wild,
And call'd him murder'd Connal's child.
Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed
What from their Chieftain they received.
His purpose was, that ne'er again
The boy should cross the Irish main;
But, like his mountain sires, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,
And wrested from the old man's hands
His native towers, his father's lands.
Unable then, amid the strife,
To guard young Redmond's rights or life,
Late and reluctant he restores
The infant to his native shores,
With goodly gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep conjuring word,
To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord.
Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth;
But deem'd his Chief's commands were laid
On both, by both to be obey'd.

How he was wounded by the way,
I need not, and I list not say.'—

XVI.

"'A wondrous tale! and, grant it true,
What,' Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do?
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's manors fair
Restore to Mortham, or his heir;
But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,
Malignant to our rightful cause,
And train'd in Rome's delusive laws.
Hark thee apart!'—They whisper'd long,
Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:—
'My proofs! I never will,' he said,
'Show mortal man where they are laid.
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,
By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large, who know
Where I am wont such toys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some train,
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand
Should wrest from thine the goodly land.'—
—'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the trustier messenger.
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear
From me, and fetch these tokens rare.
Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,
And freedom, his commission o'er;
But if his faith should chance to fail,
The gibbet frees thee from the jail.'

XVII.

"Mesh'd in the net himself had twined,
What subterfuge could Denzil find?
He told me, with reluctant sigh,

That hidden here the tokens lie;
Conjured my swift return and aid,
By all he scoff'd and disobeyed,
And look'd as if the noose were tied,
And I the priest who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,
Whom I must seek by Greta's wave;
Or in the hut where chief he hides,
Where Thorsgill's forester resides.
(Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,
That he descried our ambuscade).
I was dismiss'd as evening fell,
And reach'd but now this rocky cell."—
"Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram read,
And tore it fiercely, shred by shred:—
"All lies and villany! to blind
His noble kinsman's generous mind,
And train him on from day to day,
Till he can take his life away.—
And now, declare thy purpose, youth,
Nor dare to answer, save the truth;
If aught I mark of Denzil's art,
I'll tear the secret from thy heart!"—

XVIII.

"It needs not. I renounce," he said,
"My tutor and his deadly trade.
Fix'd was my purpose to declare
To Mortham, Redmond is his heir;
To tell him in what risk he stands,
And yield these tokens to his hands.
Fix'd was my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done;
And fix'd it rests—if I survive
This night, and leave this cave alive."—
"And Denzil?"—"Let them ply the rack,
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him,
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,
And damn'd to this unhallow'd way?
He school'd me, faith and vows were vain;
Now let my master reap his gain."—

"True," answer'd Bertram, "'tis his meed
There's retribution in the deed.
But thou—thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse:
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overloaded prore,
While barks unburden'd reach the shore."

XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him at length,
Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.
Communing with his secret mind,
As half he sat, and half reclined,
One ample hand his forehead press'd,
And one was dropp'd across his breast.
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride a while forbore
The haughty curve till then it wore;
The unalter'd fierceness of his look
A shade of darken'd sadness took,—
For dark and sad a presage press'd
Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—
And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
His voice was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;
And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find
The woe that warp'd my patron's mind
'Twould wake the fountains of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry.
Mortham must never see the fool,
That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool;
Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,
Than to avenge supposed disdain.
Say, Bertram rues his fault;—a word,
Till now, from Bertram never heard:
Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays

To think but on their former days ;
On Quariana's beach and rock,
On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,
On Darien's sands and deadly dew,
And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;—
Perchance my patron yet may hear
More that may grace his comrade's bier.
My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate :
A priest had said, 'Return, repent !'
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end ;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI.

" The dawning of my youth, with awe
And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw ;
For over Redesdale it came,
As bodeful as their beacon-flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the Clans of Tyne
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove ;
But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,
Held champion meet to take it down.
My noontide, India may declare ;
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air !
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives, from mine angry eye.
Panama's maids shall long look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale ;
Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.
And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun !
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

XXII.

" Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,

Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie
To Richmond, where his troops are laid,
And lead his force to Redmond's aid.
Say, till he reaches Eglistone,
A friend will watch to guard his son.
Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,
And I would rest me here alone."
Despite his ill-dissembled fear,
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear;
A tribute to the courage high,
Which stoop'd not in extremity,
But strove, irregularly great,
To triumph o'er approaching fate!
Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,
It almost touch'd his iron heart:—
"I did not think there lived," he said,
"One, who would tear for Bertram shed."
He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,
A buckle broad of massive gold;—
"Of all the spoil that paid his pains,
But this with Risingham remains;
And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,
And wear it long for Bertram's sake.
Once more—to Mortham speed amain;
Farewell! and turn thee not again."

XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn,
And far the hours of prime are worn.
Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,
Had cursed his messenger's delay,
Impatient question'd now his train,
"Was Denzil's son return'd again?"
It chanced there answer'd of the crew,
A menial, who young Edmund knew:
"No son of Denzil this,"—he said;
"A peasant boy from Winston glade,
For song and minstrelsy renown'd,
And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."—
"Not Denzil's son!—From Winston vale!—
Then it was false, that specious tale;
Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth
To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.

Fool that I was!—but 'tis too late;—
This is the very turn of fate!—
The tale, or true or false, relies
On Denzil's evidence!—He dies!—
Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!
Allow him not a parting word;
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!
Then let his gory head appal
Marauders from the Castle-wall.
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to Eglistone.—
Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle-gate."—

XXIV.

"Alas!" the old domestic said,
And shook his venerable head,
"Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day
May my young master brook the way!
The leech has spoke with grave alarm,
Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,
That mars and lets his healing art."—
"Tush, tell not me!—Romantic boys
Pine themselves sick for airy toys,
I will find cure for Wilfrid soon;
Bid him for Eglistone be boune,
And quick! I hear the dull death-drum
Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come."
He paused with scornful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought agen.
"Now comes my fortune's crisis near!
Entreaty boots not—instant fear,
Nought else, can bend Matilda's pride,
Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.
But when she sees the scaffold placed,
With axe and block and headsman graced,
And when she deems, that to deny
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,
She must give way.—Then, were the line
Of Rokeby once combined with mine,
I gain the weather-gage of fate!

If Mortham come, he comes too late,
While I, allied thus and prepared,
Bid him defiance to his beard.—
—If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
To drop the axe?—Soft! pause we there.
Mortham still lives—yon youth may tell
His tale—and Fairfax loves him well;—
Else, wherefore should I now delay
To sweep this Redmond from my way?
But she to piety perforce
Must yield.—Without there! Sound to horse."

XXV.

'Twas bustle in the court below,—
"Mount, and march forward!"—Forth they go;
Steeds neigh and trample all around,
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.—
Just then was sung his parting hymn;
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;
And scarcely conscious what he hears,
The trumpets tingle in his ears.
O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,
The van is hid by greenwood bough;
But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's emblazon'd hues,
That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high,
Held for the hand of Emily!
Then might I paint the tumult broad,
That to the crowded abbey flow'd,
And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,
Into the church's ample bound!
Then might I show each varying mien,
Exulting, woeful, or serene;

Indifference, with his idiot stare,
And Sympathy, with anxious air,
Paint the dejected Cavalier,
Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claim'd conquest now and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.
Yet what may such a wish avail?
'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,
Hurrying, as best I can, along,
The hearers and the hasty song;—
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening come,
And must not now his course delay,
Or choose the fair, but winding way;
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
To bless the breeze that cools his brow,
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonour'd and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
The Civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.
And now was seen, unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold dight!
Where once the priest, of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign;
There stood the block display'd, and there
The headsman grim his hatchet bare;
And for the word of Hope and Faith,

Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to heaven were cast,
And stifling sobs were bursting fast,
Till from the crowd began to rise
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant isles there came
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmurer's head.
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight;
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—
And said, with low and faltering breath,
"Thou know'st the terms of life and death."
The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled;
"The maiden is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,
If with a traitor's son she wed."
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one
Might thy malignity atone,
On me be flung a double guilt!
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear
In secret on Matilda's ear;
"An union form'd with me and mine,
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.
Consent, and all this dread array,
Like morning dream shall pass away;
Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,
I give the word—thou know'st the rest."
Matilda, still and motionless,
With terror heard the dread address,
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies
To hopeless love a sacrifice;
Then rung her hands in agony,
And round her cast bewilder'd eye.
Now on the scaffold glanc'd, and now
On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.
She veil'd her face, and, with a voice
Scarce audible,—"I make my choice!
Spare but their lives!—for aught beside,
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.
He once was generous!"—As she spoke,
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:—
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?
Why upon Basil rest thy weight?—
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand?—
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand;
Thank her with raptures, simple boy!
Should tears and trembling speak thy joy?"—
"O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;
But now the awful hour draws on,
When truth must speak in loftier tone."

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—"Dear maid,
Couldst thou so injure me," he said,
"Of thy poor friend so basely deem,
As blend with him this barbarous scheme!
Alas! my efforts made in vain,
Might well have saved this added pain.
But now, bear witness, earth and heaven,
That ne'er was hope to mortal given,

So twisted with the strings of life,
As this—to call Matilda wife!
I bid it now for ever part,
And with the effort bursts my heart."
His feeble frame was worn so low,
With wounds, with watching, and with woe,
That nature could no more sustain
The agony of mental pain.
He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—
Just then he felt the stern arrest.
Lower and lower sunk his head,—
They raised him,—but the life was fled:
Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the meed,
To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,
With Wilfrid all his projects past,
All turn'd and centred on his son,
On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.
"And I am childless now," he said;
"Childless, through that relentless maid!
A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,
Are bursting on their artist's head!—
Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there
Comes hated Mortham for his heir,
Eager to knit in happy band
With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.
And shall their triumph soar o'er all
The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?
No!—deeds, which prudence might not dare
Appal not vengeance and despair.
The murdress weeps upon his bier—
I'll change to real that feigned tear!
They all shall share destruction's shock;—
Ho! lead the captives to the block!"—
But ill his Provost could divine
His feelings, and forbore the sign.

"Slave! to the block!—or I, or they,
Shall face the judgment-seat this day!"

XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near,—
The very deaths-men paused to hear.
'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unwonted clang return'd!—
One instant's glance around he threw
From saddlebow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with the spurs he strook—
All scatter'd backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reach'd the central nave,
The second clear'd the chancel wide,
The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.
Full levell'd at the Baron's head,
Rung the report—the bullet sped—
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan dark Oswald past!
All was so quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But flounder'd on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed,

And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee,
By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again!
Then blow and insult some renew'd,
And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid:—
"Fell as he was in act and mind;
He left no bolder heart behind:
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang,
Though through the sounding woods there come
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce;
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,
And yielded to a father's arms
An image of his Edith's charms,—

Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morn the history.
What saw he?—not the church's floor,
Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore;
What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,
That shout their gratulations loud:
Redmond he saw and heard alone,
Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, "My son, my son!"—

XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,
When yellow waved the heavy corn:
But when brown August o'er the land
Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,
A gladsome sight the silvan road
From Eglistone to Mortham show'd.
A while the hardy rustic leaves
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,
And maids their sickles fling aside,
To gaze on bridegroom and on bride,
And childhood's wondering group draws near,
And from the gleaner's hand the ear
Drops, while she folds them for a prayer
And blessing on the lovely pair.
'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;
And Teesdale can remember yet
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And, for their troubles, bade them prove
A lengthen'd life of peace and love.

THE DEPARTED.

. . . . . "Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre."—BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way
To the spirit's distant shore?
Earth's mightiest men in armed array,
Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.

And the seers, who sat of yore
By orient palm or wave,
They have passed with all their starry lore—
Can *ye* still fear the grave?—

We fear, we fear!—the sunshine
Is joyous to behold,
And we reck not of the buried kings,
Or the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink?—the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the sun, and the voice of praise,
For the land whence none return:

And the lovely, whose memorial
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone with their glorious bloom,
From the gaze of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
—As the last leaves on the bough!
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more
That made spring-time in your heart!
Kindred and friends are gone before,—
And *ye* still fear to part?—

We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way through darkness bends;
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
Our own familiar friends!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost:

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God!

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby."

"We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?—
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds! it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?—

"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,

And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

HECTOR BOECE, in his very delightful, though somewhat apocryphal Chronicles of Scotland, tells us, that "quhen Schir James Douglas was chosin as maist worthy of all Scotland to pass with King Robertis hart to the Holy Land, he put it in ane cais of gold, with arromitike and precious unyementis; and tuke with him Schir William Sinclare and Schir Robert Logan, with mony othir nobilmen, to the haily graif; quhare he buryit the said hart, with maist reverence and solempnitie that could be devisit."

But no contemporary historian bears out the statement of the old Canon of Aberdeen. Froissart, Fordoun, and Barbour all agree that the devotional pilgrimage of the good Sir James was not destined to be accomplished, and that the heart of Scotland's greatest King and hero was brought back to the land of his nativity. Mr. Tytler, in few words, has so graphically recounted the leading events of this expedition, that I do not hesitate to adopt his narrative:—

"As soon as the season of the year permitted, Douglas, having the heart of his beloved master under his charge, set sail from Scotland, accompanied by a splendid retinue, and anchored off Sluys in Flanders, at this time the great seaport of the Netherlands. His object was to find out companions with whom he might travel to Jerusalem; but he declined landing, and for twelve days received all visitors on board his ship with a state almost kingly.

"At Sluys he heard that Alonzo, the king of Leon and Castile, was carrying on war with Osmyn, the Moorish governor of Granada. The religious mission which he had

embraced, and the vows he had taken before leaving Scotland, induced Douglas to consider Alonzo's cause as a holy warfare; and before proceeding to Jerusalem, he first determined to visit Spain, and to signalise his prowess against the Saracens. But his first field against the Infidels proved fatal to him who, in the long English war, had seen seventy battles. The circumstances of his death were striking and characteristic. In an action near Theba, on the borders of Andalusia, the Moorish cavalry were defeated; and after their camp had been taken, Douglas, with his companions, engaged too eagerly in the pursuit, and being separated from the main body of the Spanish army, a strong division of the Moors rallied and surrounded them. The Scottish knight endeavoured to cut his way through the Infidels, and in all probability would have succeeded, had he not again turned to rescue Sir William Saint Clair of Roslin, whom he saw in jeopardy. In attempting this, he was inextricably involved with the enemy. Taking from his neck the casket which contained the heart of Bruce, he cast it before him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!' The action and the sentiment were heroic, and they were the last words and deed of a heroic life, for Douglas fell overpowered by his enemies; and three of his knights, and many of his companions, were slain along with their master. On the succeeding day, the body and the casket were both found on the field, and by his surviving friends conveyed to Scotland. The heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, and the body of the 'Good Sir James'—the name by which he is affectionately remembered by his countrymen—was consigned to the cemetery of his fathers in the parish church of Douglas."

A nobler death on the field of battle is not recorded in the annals of chivalry. In memory of this expedition, the Douglases have ever since carried the armorial bearings of the Bloody Heart surmounted by the Crown; and a similar distinction is borne by another family. Sir Simon of Lee, a distinguished companion of Douglas, was the person on whom, after the fall of his leader, the custody of the heart devolved. Hence the name of Lockhart, and their effigy, the Heart within a Fetterlock.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

I.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

II.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armour in the ships
That rode within the bay.

III.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

IV.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

V.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.—

VI.

"Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.

VII.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:

How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

VIII.

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

IX.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

X.

"His robe was of the azure dye—
Snow-white his scattered hairs—
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

XI.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

XII.

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

XIII.

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

XIV.

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

XV.

" 'And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou !'

XVI.

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

XVII.

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

XVIII.

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

XIX.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side !"

XX.

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

XXI.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

XXII.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,

And whose the crowd of armèd men
  That round yon standard throng?"

XXIII.

"The Moors have come from Africa
  To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
  Must fight with them to-day."

XXIV.

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
  "Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
  From the Cross in jeopardie!

XXV.

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
  Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
  Within the fields of Spain!"

XXVI.

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
  Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
  Who comes in such an hour!

XXVII.

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
  Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
  Or the flower of Burgundie?"

XXVIII.

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
  Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
  And these are Scottish spears.

XXIX.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
  Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
  Who died upon the tree.

XXX.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

XXXI.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

XXXII.

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

XXXIII.

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honoured may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

XXXIV.

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

XXXV.

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

XXXVI.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think, King Robert's here!"

XXXVII.

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,

As, spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

XXXVIII.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

XXXIX.

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

XL.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

XLI.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

XLII.

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

XLIII.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

XLIV.

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

XLV.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—" Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore !"

XLVI.

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

XLVII.

" Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well ?"

XLVIII.

" Oh, ride ye on, Lord King !" he said,
" And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

XLIX.

" There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!

L.

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

LI.

" O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

LII.

" And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain :

The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

LIII.

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

LIV.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

LV.

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

LVI.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

LVII.

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

LVIII.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

LIX.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

THE HEROINE OF SIBERIA.

ONE of the most popular stories ever written, is that entitled Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. It was the production of Madame Cottin, a French authoress, and has been translated into every European language, the English version having been constantly read for more than half a century with the most eager interest, especially by young persons. It has passed through numberless editions, and still enjoys unabated popularity. Though published by Madame Cottin as a fiction, the tale is well known to have been founded on an incident which occurred during the reign of Paul I., Emperor of Russia, who died in 1801. We propose, from authentic sources, to narrate the interesting incident as it actually occurred.

The real name of the young heroine was Prascovie Lopouloff. Her father, who belonged to a noble family originally from the Ukraine, was born in Hungary, where the chances of life had induced his parents to settle. Early in life, Lopouloff entered the Austrian service as an officer of the Black Hussars, but afterwards marrying a Russian lady, adopted her country as his own. He lived, however, but a short time in retirement; and once more taking up arms, served for many years in the Russian army, making several campaigns against the Turks. He so distinguished himself at the sieges of Ismail and Otchakoff, that he obtained the special commendations of his superiors.

Some time after his return from these campaigns, Lopouloff was arrested, tried, and condemned to exile in Siberia for life. His imputed crime has never transpired; for his trial by an inferior tribunal, as well as its revision in the superior Russian courts, was conducted in profound secrecy; and its record has been since lost. His appeals for a mitigation of this harsh sentence were disregarded, and he, his wife, and infant daughter, were summarily driven with other prisoners to the district selected for his penal residence.

Siberia, as most of our readers may have learned, comprehends not only a vast proportion of the immense Russian

empire, but more than a third of Asia.* It is the coldest and least agreeable region in the world; hence parts of it have been selected by succeeding Russian autocrats as penal settlements for criminals, who, according as their offences are great or small, are sent to the most frigid or to the most genial of its localities. To mark different degrees of punishment, the prisoners are also condemned to work in the mines with which Siberia abounds, to till the ground for the benefit of the state, or simply to suffer banishment from home and kindred without being obliged to partake in forced labours. All are allowed a pension from the government, which, though it varies as much in amount as the degrees of punishment, yet is never more than sufficient to keep body and soul together. In some rare cases the emperors have permitted the friends of the condemned, who happen to be affluent enough, to send them occasional assistance; but this is never allowed to exceed one thousand roubles per annum.† Again, the wives and families of some of those condemned for lesser crimes are allowed to live with them in the places of banishment.

Whatever Lopouloff's offence may have been, it is clear that it was of no great enormity, for the whole of the indulgences were extended to him. In the first place, he was sent to the most genial district of the vast wilderness, namely, a village called Ischim, in a province of the same name which joins the southern boundary of the Tobolsk province, the chief town of which (also called Tobolsk) is the capital of all Siberia. Ischim may be generally described as consisting of arid plains, divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separating it from the country of the Kirgins, a wandering people. It is bounded on the left by the river Irtish, and on the right by the Tobol, the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir tree rearing its head. Nevertheless, there are towards the banks of the Irtish woods of

* Siberia extends 3,500 miles from east to west, and 1,200 miles from north to south.

† At the time to which this history refers, most of the currency of Russia was in paper, and a rouble equalled about 10¾*d.* sterling. The silver roubles—then rarely, but now universally current—are equal to 3*s.* 1½*d.* sterling.

some extent. Yet, despite its unpromising character, Ischim is so universally considered the best part of the territory, that it has received the appellation of the "Italy of Siberia." But this is chiefly owing to the four months' summer which it enjoys, though the rest of the year is intensely cold. A heavy snow generally covers the earth in September, and seldom disappears till May; but during the intervening season, nature loses no time in her operations. The celerity with which the trees are covered with verdure and the fields with crops, is scarcely credible. The operations of the husbandman are of course obliged to be equally rapid; and from this circumstance many prisoners not condemned to forced labour—together with their relatives, if they have any—find a term of active and not unprofitable employment during the short agricultural season.

When Lopouloff arrived at Ischim, he was informed that the Emperor had apportioned him the miserable pittance of ten kopecks* a-day to subsist upon. This is the sum invariably allotted to prisoners, who, like Lopouloff, are not condemned to labour in the public works. It was fortunate that when his heavy misfortune fell upon him, Lopouloff's family consisted only of his wife and infant daughter, and the solace which they afforded him very much softened the rigour of his altered situation. Prascovie, the daughter, was too young to feel the full force of the punishment inflicted on her parents, and as she grew up, seemed happy and contented with her lot, because she had known no other. Before she was twelve years old, she was able, by the labour of her own little hands, to add a few comforts to her parents' bare subsistence. Sometimes she assisted the laundresses of the village; at others she helped the farmers by doing such work as her strength permitted, at harvest time working with the reapers. In payment for such assistance she occasionally received money, but more frequently eggs, vegetables, and sometimes corn. Her mother occupied herself entirely in the affairs of their poor and meagre household, and seemed to bear her deplorable fate with patience. Lopouloff, on the contrary, accustomed

* A kopeck is the one-hundredth part of a silver rouble, or about two-thirds of a farthing.

from his earliest youth to affluence and an active military life, was less resigned to his fate, and seemed at intervals plunged into a depth of despondency which his misfortunes, great as they were, hardly justified.

Some years of his exile had passed over when he addressed a petition for a modification of his sentence through the governor of Siberia to the Emperor, which was conveyed by an officer who happened to pass through Ischim on the business of the state, and who promised to support its prayer with all the court influence he possessed. Years, however, passed without any reply arriving; and the appearance of any government courier or traveller in Ischim —which was a very rare event—added to the torment of deferred hope to which Lopouloff was a prey.

During one of these wretched moments Prascovie, returning from the harvest field, found her mother bathed in tears, and her father with a countenance so pale and so full of desperation, that she trembled with dread. She threw herself into her father's arms, intreating him to tell her the cause of his extreme wretchedness; and he, touched by her affection and her tears, told her that a court messenger had again arrived, and his petition still remained unheeded. For the hundredth time, he bewailed the hard fate by which, for his fault, she and her mother were condemned to continue with him, for the rest of their lives, the miserable existence they now dragged on. Prascovie was deeply affected by this information. Till now her father—absorbed in inwardly bewailing his fate—had never openly avowed his real situation, to which he forbade his wife ever to make allusion; so that up to this moment Prascovie was not fully aware that her father was an exile.

It was at this epoch that Prascovie Lopouloff first entertained the idea of travelling on foot to St. Petersburg, to demand from the emperor in person her father's pardon. She was about fifteen years old; and from the day she conceived this romantic project, a degree of animation was infused into her character for which her parents could not account. She kept her resolution a profound secret, not having courage to reveal so wild and apparently impossible a scheme. Near the cottage was a wood, to which she retired when leisure permitted, and there, in the deepest solitude, she prayed to God to give her strength of mind, first

to acquaint her father of her intentions, and next to carry them into effect. After much hesitation, she at last found herself strong enough to tell her father. Having gone as usual to the wood, and prayed to be inspired with persuasive words, she returned towards the cottage, intending to tell her mother first, so that her project might be communicated through the more sympathising and approachable of her parents. She perceived her father seated at the door smoking his pipe, and immediately decided not to lose that opportunity. Courageously standing before him, she began to explain her plan, and asked with the most ardent importunity permission to depart for St. Petersburg. Lopouloff listened with attention, and did not interrupt her with a single word. When she had finished, he rose with the utmost gravity, took her by the hand, and led her into the cottage, where his wife was preparing the dinner. "Wife!" cried Lopouloff, "I bring you good news, and with it a powerful protector. Prascovie has made up her mind to leave us immediately, go to St. Petersburg, and ask the Emperor to be so good as to give me a free pardon, without more ado!" He then, in a more merry mood than his daughter had ever seen him, repeated all Prascovie had advanced. "She would do better to mind her work," replied the wife, "than filling her mind with such nonsense."

Poor Prascovie had fortified herself with strong arguments against the anger or the serious objections of her parents, but their ridicule seemed to annihilate her hopes. She cried bitterly; and her father, the moment his unusual gaiety had passed away, resumed the ordinary severity of his character; but Madame Lopouloff soothed her distress by embracing her. "Come, daughter," she said, handing her the table-cloth, "be a good girl; prepare the table, and you shall depart for St. Petersburg when you have more leisure." This scene was better calculated to disgust the girl with her project than the severest reproaches. The humiliation, however, which she felt at being thus treated like a child soon passed away. At least one point had been gained—the ice was broken, and now that her parents were aware of her desires, she returned to the charge whenever opportunity offered. Her intreaties to be allowed to go were so importunate, and so often repeated, that at length her

father, losing patience, scolded her seriously, and forbade her to speak on the subject again. Her mother, with more kindness, endeavoured to persuade her that she was too young to think of such an enterprise.

In this manner three years passed away, during which Madame Lopouloff suffered from a dangerous illness, and Prascovie was obliged to be silent on her favourite subject till more favourable times. But she never failed to join to her ordinary prayers an earnest supplication that the Almighty would put it into her father's heart to allow of her pious mission. During the last three years, the illness of her mother, and her own growing experience, gave greater weight to her character in her father's eyes; and she was able at length boldly to discuss her project when opportunity served. Lopouloff and his wife still considered it as one of those childish ideas which often remain in the mind after the character has been formed: still, the extraordinary frequency of her intreaties, and the energy with which they were urged, had their effect; the more so as her health and spirits manifestly suffered by their repeated refusals. They no longer treated her project as a wild pleasantry, but tried to dissuade her from it with tears and caresses. "We are old," they would say, "with neither fortune nor a friend in the whole of Russia: have you then the courage to abandon, in this desert, the parents of whom you are the sole consolation?" Prascovie could in such cases only reply with tears; but her resolution was, nevertheless, not in the smallest degree shaken.

During her unceasing meditations, a difficulty presented itself far more real than her parents' opposition. She could not travel without a passport, and it was by no means likely [illegible] Tobolsk would grant one. However, she determined to make the attempt, and applied to a person in the village who was in the habit of drawing up petitions for such purposes. Her father's signature was necessary, and when the document was drawn up, Prascovie intreated Lopouloff's consent to send it away, to which he, after some resistance, consented, adding to the despatch a new letter regarding his own personal affairs.

From this moment, the despondency by which the girl had been afflicted since her mother's illness disappeared, and her parents were charmed to perceive her natural health and

gaiety return. This happy change was solely caused by the strong presentiment which she felt that she would obtain the passport, as soon as time enough elapsed to expect a reply. She often loitered on the road, in the hope of meeting the courier charged with the letters for Ischim. After enduring the pangs of hope deferred for six months, the post brought at length a sealed packet addressed to Lopouloff. It was eagerly opened, and Prascovie's delight scarcely knew bounds when it was found to contain her long-wished passport. To Lopouloff's petition, however, there was no answer; and all the hopes of favour which for a moment possessed his mind on seeing the passport, were instantly changed to disappointment when he saw his own petition was disregarded. In the first moment of ill humour, he threatened to withdraw his consent from the perilous enterprise on which his daughter's mind was set.

But no discouragement daunted our heroine. She continued praying to the Almighty, and hoping on, without allowing the smallest doubt of His protection, or of the success of her undertaking, to damp her ardour; and a few days after the receipt of the passport, a little incident occurred which gave new life to her hopes. Her mother, though a person of strictly religious principles, put faith in certain superstitions existing in the Greek church, whose tenets are universal in Russia. When, for instance, in any little perplexity, it was her practice to seek, in certain trifling events, prognostics of the future. One means which she employed for this purpose cannot be contemplated without censure; she would take the Bible, and opening it at hazard, endeavour to extract from the passage which first caught her eye something analogous to her situation, from which a sort of prophecy might be drawn.* Every [illegible] Holy Writ aloud to Lopouloff's practice to read a chapter of Holy Writ aloud to his family; propounding, as he went on, the meaning of difficult passages, and explaining such Slavonic words as Prascovie did not understand. At the end of a wretched evening which had been thus partly employed, there was a

* This superstitious custom is not peculiar to Russia. Mohammedans, especially those of Egypt, perform the same sort of ceremony with the Koran. Even in Scotland—a country in which Holy Writ is more venerated, perhaps, than in any other—the custom of "picking for texts" for the purposes of augury, was common up to the present century.

mournful silence amongst the three solitary beings, when Prascovie, addressing her mother with scarcely any other intention than to commence a conversation, said, "Please, mother, to open the Bible and read the eleventh line on the right-hand page." Madame Lopouloff took the sacred volume with eagerness, and opened it with a pin. She counted the lines, and in an unusually loud and impressive voice read these words:—"Now the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not."*

This passage offered a striking analogy to Prascovie's project, and her mother, looking steadfastly at Lopouloff, spoke concerning the extraordinary appositeness of the text. But he never favoured such unreasonable divinations, and said, "Think you that you possess the power to interrogate the Deity by opening His holy word with a pin, and that He will deign to answer your foolish and presumptuous demands?" Prascovie replied by declaring that her trust was in the Almighty, and while that continued faithful and unimpaired, there was nothing which she might not accomplish. Lopouloff, though astonished at her perseverance, was so reluctant to consent to her departure, that he kept the passport locked away, lest she should go clandestinely.

At length he found that her health was visibly giving way, and that he must either consent to her extraordinary undertaking, or perchance lose her altogether. On a certain day, after one of her most touching and eloquent solicitations, he was overcome by her devotion, and exclaimed to his wife, "What is to be done with this child? We must, I suppose, let her go after all." Prascovie, transported with joy, threw herself on her father's neck. "Be sure," she exclaimed, "that you will never repent having listened to me. I will go to St. Petersburg, will throw myself at our sovereign's feet; and that Providence which inspired me with the desire to undertake the journey, and who has touched your heart to consent to my going, will assuredly dispose the emperor in our favour."

"Alas!" replied Lopouloff, "do you suppose, poor child, that you will be able to speak to the emperor as easily as you talk to me? No, no; sentinels guard every avenue of

* Genesis, chap. xxi. ver. 17.

his palace, and they will not allow you to pass the threshold. Poor, and in rags, without influence or any sort of protection, who will dare to present you to his notice?" Prascovie felt the force of these observations without being discouraged. The strong presentiment of success which she felt, overcame the most startling objections. She pressed more earnestly than ever the folly of farther delay, and began to prepare for her departure.

The entire fortune of the family was found to amount to no more than a silver rouble, and all Lopouloff's endeavours to augment this small sum were fruitless. The day of the cruel separation was fixed for the feast of the holy virgin. The evening before, as soon as the news spread throughout the village that Prascovie was really about to start on her perilous errand, all the acquaintances of the Lopouloffs crowded to their cottage. In place, however, of assisting or encouraging Prascovie in her enterprise, they said everything they could think of to dissuade her from it, with the exception of two. These, who were amongst the poorest and most obscure of the prisoners, had been more intimate with Lopouloff than his natural pride allowed others to be. They had long looked with interest on Prascovie's design, and disagreed with all their neighbours about the probable result of it. "We have seen things accomplished apparently far more impossible, against all hope," one of them remarked. "She is sure to find in her way protectors, who, if they once know her, will love her as dearly as we do, and will aid her with all their might."

At daybreak on the following morning these two men returned to take leave of her. They found everything ready for the long journey. When Lopouloff handed to his daughter the silver rouble, the kind visitors endeavoured to add to her slender means; one offering for her acceptance thirty copper kopecks, and the other a silver piece of twenty kopecks, which was all they had to live upon for many days. Prascovie, though she refused their generous offer, was much affected by it. "If Providence," she told them, "bless my undertaking, and any favour be accorded to my parents, rest assured that you shall partake of its benefits." She had scarcely said this when the first rays of the sun entered the chamber in which they were seated. "The hour is come," she continued; "we must now separ-

ate." She then seated herself, as did her parents and the two friends—a custom always observed in Russia on such occasions.*

Prascovie having received on her knees a benediction from her parents, tore herself courageously from them, and quitted the cottage which had been her home since infancy. Her two poor friends accompanied her for the first *verst*.† Her father and mother stood immoveable on the threshold, and following her with their tear-filled eyes, motioned, when afar off, a last adieu; but Prascovie looked not behind, and soon disappeared in the distance.

When her two friends had accompanied her as far as they durst, Prascovie fortunately fell in with a group of girls who were journeying to a village through which she was obliged to pass. After an unimportant adventure, she passed the first night of her journey in the *isba*, or cabin, of one of her new companions. The next day she continued her march. At the first moment she felt a short tremor of fear at being quite alone; but the history of Hagar in the desert returned to her memory, and gave her courage. Having walked for some hours, she became perplexed as to the right road, and, with a degree of simplicity which was natural to her, asked some passengers the "way to St. Petersburg?" Such a question from a person so many hundred miles from that capital caused a laugh at her expense. "Which, then," she rejoined, "is the way to Kiew?"‡ This caused a second explosion of merriment, for the latter city is situated far out of the road to St. Petersburg. "Whichever way you please, my dear," was the reply; "it is all the same; every road leads either to Kiew, to Paris, or to Rome." Chance, however, guided her correctly.

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* When a Russian is about to commence a long journey, he invariably seats himself just before the time for taking a last farewell. Whoever is present imitates him. After a short while spent in speaking of indifferent things, they all rise, and each embraces the traveller in turn before he departs.

† The Russian verst is about five furlongs and a quarter, or a little more than five-eighths of a British mile.

‡ This city stands on the right of the river Dnieper. In it is the cathedral of St. Sophia, to which pilgrims of the Greek church largely resort to view the numerous relics it contains.

Some stages before arriving at Kamoüicheff, a violent storm overtook her. Though she had travelled far that day, she redoubled her speed; but all to no purpose. A violent gust of wind threw a tree directly across her path, so as to prevent farther progress, and she found herself obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. Here, though suffering intensely from fatigue and cold, she remained till daylight; then to seek a better shelter. Happily, a peasant happening to pass that way in a sort of car, took pity on her, and drove her to the next village. But there she was mistaken for a person of bad character; for her clothes were muddy, and her features haggard, from long exposure to the recent storm. No one would afford her shelter, and at length she went to the church: "At least," she said, "they will not drive me thence." The door, however, was closed, and she sat on the steps shivering with cold. A mob of children collected around her, denying repose by their insults and grimaces. After enduring this for two hours, Prascovie was accosted by a benevolent woman, who directed the attention of the *starost* (mayor of the village) to her situation. She told her tale, and he demanded to see her passport. This she produced. The starost pronounced it to be correct, and the good lady invited her to her house. In attempting, however, to rise from the steps, she found her legs so swollen that she could not stand. At the sight of her sore and naked feet (for she had lost her shoes in the storm), the insults of the crowd were changed to pity, and each vied with the other who should assist her. A vehicle was brought, and in it she was taken to the house of the lady who first accosted her, with whom she stayed several days.

Having been supplied with new shoes, Prascovie continued her journey, but more slowly than at first; for winter was fast approaching. She met with various kinds of treatment; but managed to travel several hundred *versts* with only one remarkable adventure, and that we shall relate. On arriving late one evening at a village, she sought a lodging in vain. At last an old man, who had previously repulsed her, followed and invited her into his hut. There she found an aged woman. Both these people had a bad expression of countenance, which alarmed their guest. The woman closed the door securely and silently after Prascovie

had seated herself. The cabin was lighted by burning splinters of pine-wood thrust into a hole in the wall, and by their lurid light she noticed the eyes of both her hosts fixed upon her. After a time, they asked whither she was going. She told them; on which the man remarked that she must have plenty of money about her, to be able to undertake so long a journey. She declared she had only a few kopecks; but they in a harsh manner accused her of lying. However, she was pressed to go to rest, which she did in the fireplace,* taking care to place her pocket and her wallet in such a position that her hosts might examine their contents, so as to prove that she had spoken truly. Sure enough, when they knew she was asleep, they commenced their search; but to their manifest disappointment they found nothing worth stealing. The old woman climbed to where she lay; she awoke, and her blood ran cold. She begged hard for her life; and again protested that she had no more money than she had stated. But the old wretch, without replying, searched her dress, and making her take off her boots, looked even into them, her husband holding a light all the while. Finding all was in vain, they left her more dead than alive. At length fatigue soon had its effect, and she slept so soundly, that it was high day before she awoke. On descending to the floor of the hut, she was astonished at the change in the manner of her host and hostess: they were most kind and affable. She wished to get away at once, but they insisted on her stopping to eat something. The old woman instantly went to the fire, and filled from a huge rock a basin of *stchi* (soup made with sour cabbage and salt meat), whilst the husband drew a great cup of *kvas*, or beer, made from rye malt. Thus encouraged by their kindness, she partly answered their questions, and related her whole history.

When Prascovie was taking leave, the old woman begged her to forget what had happened. "Think," she said, "it was a dream. Your pitiable condition and goodness softened our hearts; and you will find, when you next count your money, that we are not the people you take us for." Accordingly, when Prascovie had walked a couple of versts,

* The Russian peasantry invariably sleep either upon the benches which surround their cabins; or in the fireplaces, which are very spacious.

she had the curiosity to look at her purse, and found to her astonishment that they had added forty kopecks to her stock, instead of depriving her of any. Thus her artless manner and affecting errand won the hearts even of professed robbers; which the wretched old couple, she afterwards learned, had the character of being.

Winter had now begun, and Prascovie was frequently detained for more than a week at a time, in consequence of the depth of the snow. At length she reached Ekatherinembourg, and was received in an inn, the hostess of which finding she was without money, enumerated the names of such individuals in the town as were well known for their benevolent characters, and who would in all probability assist her when they knew her story. Amongst others, a certain Madame Milin was mentioned as most eminent for her charities. Before, however, Prascovie commenced the smallest undertaking, she invariably went to church. On this occasion it happened to be Sunday, and she knelt down before the altar and prayed. In quitting the church, a lady who had been remarking her fervent piety accosted her, desiring to know who she was. Prascovie answered in a few words, and added, that she was on her way to seek the assistance of Madame Milin, of whom every one spoke so highly. "Perhaps," said the new friend, "the kind deeds of this lady have been much overrated; come with me; I may be able to provide for you better." Though the girl conceived a bad idea of the lady, from her dropping a hint unfavourable to a person of whom she had heard so much good, yet, without refusing to follow her, she did not assent in words to the proposition. "Well," continued the lady, "if you are so anxious to visit Madame Milin, this is her residence. Let us see how you will be received. If not well, perhaps you may be the more willing to accept of *my* hospitality." They entered the house, and, addressing a servant, inquired if the mistress was at home? The domestic was astonished at this question. "Can I see Madame Milin?" inquired Prascovie. The servant, half bewildered, pointed to her new friend, exclaiming, "Why, *that* is Madame Milin!" The kind lady laughed at the little trick she had played, and led Prascovie into the house, causing every comfort and attention to be administered to her.

The hardships of the rest of Prascovie's long journey were materially lessened by the kindness and influence of her benefactress. Besides keeping her in her house till the spring, she taught her to read and write; for the poor girl had hitherto received no education, as her father, in his despair, saw no better destiny for her than passing her existence in Siberia amidst the lowest classes of society and in the performance of the most menial labours.

When the time came for her departure, Madame Milin, after having provided her with everything she required, secured a place in a boat which was destined for Nijeni, and gave her in charge of a merchant who was going to that place. Before passing the Oural Mountains, which divide Ekatherinembourg from Nijeni, the travellers were transported on the rivers which rise in the same mountains and run towards the north. They thus journeyed by water till they came to the mountains, to cross which they disembarked. These not being very high in that district, nor difficult to pass, were soon left behind, and they once more embarked on the waters which fall into the Volga. Prascovie, not having sufficient means to travel by the land, profited by the numerous boats which convey iron and salt by the rivers Tchousova and Khama. At the mouth of the latter stream, near the Volga, an accident occurred by which she nearly lost her life. During one of the violent storms which are very frequent in these regions, the boatmen, desirous of keeping their bark in the middle of the stream, pulled with great force an immense oar that served as a rudder, and immersed one side of the barge, on which many passengers were seated, before they had time to get out of the way. Three persons were thrown into the river, one of whom was Prascovie. She, however, received no greater hurt than a severe cold, caught in consequence of not being able to change her clothes.

Unfortunately, the merchant who accompanied Prascovie in the early part of her journey from Ekatherinembourg had fallen sick in the mountains, and when she arrived at Nijeni, she was without friend or protector. This was the first large town which she had ever seen, and it presented to her an aspect more disheartening, and a misery more poignant, than she had felt before. She had braved the dangers of the storm and the desert, but she was not

prepared to encounter the solitude of great towns, in which poverty finds itself alone amidst a crowd, and where, as if by some horrible enchantment, the poor behold on all sides eyes which pay no regard to them, and ears that are deaf to their complaints.* In short, Prascovie, during her whole journey, had never felt so discouraged as now. She sought her never-failing resource, the church, and, as in former cases, not in vain. A nun of a neighbouring convent, filled with pity, conducted her to the abbess, who, receiving her with the utmost kindness, invited her to remain as long as she pleased. This was a fortunate offer, as a violent fever attacked her, which caused her to keep her bed. When convalescent, she went through all the religious offices of the convent, adhering to its rules with the strictest precision. Indeed in this life she found so much happiness, that she resolved, in the event of succeeding in her mission, to become a nun.

Prascovie found it impossible to continue her journey till the winter set in, to render the sledge trains available. But when it arrived, she took leave of the kind abbess, (who gave her a letter of recommendation to a friend of hers, Mademoiselle de S.), and started for Moscow in a covered sledge. She arrived at that city safely, and proceeded at once to St. Petersburg in the carriage of a merchant, a friend of Mademoiselle de S. Her journey to the capital was not marked by any very striking circumstance. She reached it about the middle of February, nearly eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

Prascovie lodged for a time at the house of the merchant with whom she travelled, as she experienced some difficulty in finding out the residences of two ladies to whom she had letters of introduction—one, the Princess de T——, an aged and benevolent lady; and the other Madame de L——. Unfortunately, they both resided at Wassili-Ostrow, on the other side of the Neva. This river was frozen over, but the ice was on the point of breaking up; and from the

* The city of Nijeni-Novgorod, vulgarly called Nijegorod (or Lower Novgorod), is the capital of the important Russian province of the same name. It contains a stationary population of 25,000 persons, besides a vast number of strangers constantly passing through; for it is the grand entrepôt of trade for the interior of the empire. The city is built on a steep hill 400 feet high.

dangers always dreaded from a rapid thaw, the police forbade any one to cross it. In this strait, she was advised by the merchant at whose house she stayed to get a lawyer to draw up a petition to the Senate, praying a revision of her father's sentence. This was done; and Prascovie went to deliver it in person. She reached the Senate-house, and penetrated to one of the offices, trembling all the while, through finding herself for the first time amongst such a crowd of men. She presented her petition to one of the secretaries, who, glancing at it coldly, and perceiving it was ill-worded and informal, returned it without speaking a word. Presently an old soldier, who acted as door-keeper, came up to her, and supposing she was a mendicant, took her by the arm and led her to the door.

Still she was not to be daunted, and returned to the Senate-house day after day, placing herself on the stairs, in the hope that at length some good senator would take charge of her supplication. She repeated her visits for fifteen mornings without success, or without any attention being paid to her. Once, indeed, a government officer, who had remarked her perseverance, took her petition from her. She felt a ray of hope. But, alas, instead of retaining the document, the officer took from his pocket a roll of bank notes, selected one for five roubles, and placing it within the paper, refolded, returned it, and instantly disappeared. This act of kindness, though it disappointed, affected Prascovie much. "Surely," she thought in her simplicity, "this gentleman must be some relation to Madame Milin."

Prascovie continued her daily attendance at the Senate, without success, till Easter, when it broke up for some weeks. But by this time the swing-bridges which cross the Neva, and which are removed during the flooding season, were replaced, and the merchant's wife drove Prascovie in her droschy to Wassili-Ostrow, to deliver her letter of introduction to Madame de L——. This lady received her with the utmost affection; for her story had been already narrated to her in a letter from Madame Milin. She had a relation connected with the court, to whom she offered to introduce Prascovie; for although she was on ill terms with him at present, yet this was Easter, a season when all family quarrels were made up. Accordingly, Madame de L—— kept Prascovie to dinner, and soon several of the

company, previously invited to the peace-making, arrived. When the relation she had spoken of entered the room, he exclaimed, after the custom in such cases, *Christos voscres* (Christ is risen). He then embraced the hostess, who replied, *Voïsterio voscres* (In truth he has risen). By this ceremony the previous misunderstanding was effectually made up, and the influential relative received Prascovie—who was now introduced to him—with all the more pleasure. During dinner, Madame de L—— detailed the whole of her story, and he promised to use his influence with the court to obtain a repeal of Lopouloff's sentence, as any steps taken through the Senate would occupy a vast deal of time.

Meantime the Princess de T—— had been apprised, through Mademoiselle de S. of Moscow, of Prascovie's arrival in St. Petersburg, and sent for her to the merchant's house. On arriving at the princess's palace, our heroine was dazzled by the splendour of the apartments, and mistook the gaudily-dressed livery servants for some of the senators she had seen in her frequent attendance at the Senate-house. Her artless wonder and rustic simplicity won the heart of the princess, who, having assigned a fitting apartment to her, determined to use all the interest she possessed in procuring her father's pardon. Through the influence of the chancellor of the Empress-mother, that august personage condescended to see her. Prascovie's joy at this news almost deprived her of her senses. On recovering, she offered up a sincere thanksgiving to Heaven.

About six o'clock she was conducted to the imperial palace, dressed in her ordinary costume. While approaching it, she thought of her father's words, which represented the palace so difficult to enter. "If he could see me now," she said to her companion; "if he knew before whom I am going to appear, how surprised and delighted he would be!"

Without the smallest ceremony, Prascovie was conducted into the presence of the Empress-mother. Her majesty received her with affability, and interrogated her with interest respecting her history and her noble enterprise. She replied without timidity, but without boldness. She did not, she said, ask for mercy for her father, for he was innocent of the crime imputed to him; all she demanded was a revision of his sentence. The Empress praised her

courage and filial piety, of which she promised to acquaint the Emperor; and finished the gratifying interview by ordering 300 roubles to be paid her for her present necessities.

Prascovie could scarcely believe that the events of the few last days were real, and on awakening the morning after her interview with the Empress-mother, to assure herself she had not dreamt what had actually happened, she opened one of her drawers, and was not convinced till she saw the money her imperial benefactress had given her. Shortly afterwards, the dowager Empress not only assigned her an income for life, but presented her to the reigning emperor and his consort. All difficulties were now nearly vanquished. M. de K., then minister of the interior, to whom the emperor remitted Lopouloff's case for revision, was an excellent and benevolent man, who endeavoured to lessen as much as possible the time which the necessary legal forms took ere Lopouloff's recall could be decreed. In this interval Prascovie had become an object of interest to the whole court. She was taken to see all the remarkable places in St. Petersburg, and invited to the houses of the highest amongst the nobility.

While her father's case was thus prosperously entertained, she did not forget that of the two prisoners who had encouraged and assisted her while others ridiculed her enterprise. Her court friends, however, advised her by no means to bestir herself in that matter until her father's affair was settled. That blessed event soon followed; and the Emperor sent to inform her that he had transmitted a definitive ukase to Siberia for Lopouloff's release, together with a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of his journey to the interior of Russia. M. de K., who announced this delightful news, added, that his majesty requested to know if she had anything to ask personally for herself. Without hesitation she solicited the pardon of her two friends. On learning this, the Emperor was so struck with her generosity in transferring his favours from herself to the two prisoners, that he instantly granted her request, and a few posts after that which bore the ukase for Lopouloff's release, a similar decree for his fellow-prisoners was despatched.

Let us now for a moment remove the scene to Siberia. Lopouloff and his wife mourned the absence of their daugh-

ter as one lost to them perhaps for ever. So far from expecting she would succeed in her mission, they feared she would not survive her perilous undertaking. During her long absence, the only consolations they received were administered by the two prisoners so often mentioned. They never failed to instil hopē into the bereaved parents, while the rest of the villagers continued to add to their fears by their forebodings. At length the unexpected ukase arrived. Neither Lopouloff nor his wife could for some time believe in the reality of their good fortune. As soon as Lopouloff's joy had subsided sufficiently to enable him to understand that he was free, he hastened to his two friends to impart the glad tidings to them. At first they received it with the most cordial delight; but when, a moment after, they reflected on the contrast which their own hopeless condition presented, they gave way to a feeling of despair. Lopouloff did all he could to cheer them, and offered a part of the sum sent by the Emperor for travelling expenses. This they refused. "We do not want it," was the reply of the elder prisoner; "I have still the piece of money which your daughter refused at her departure."

Preparations were soon made for the departure of Lopouloff and his wife from the region of punishment to which they had been so many years condemned. Their first destination was the convent at Nijeni, where Prascovie had promised to meet them. On the night before their departure, they had taken an affecting farewell of their two friends, and had bid adieu to the rest of their neighbours, when Lopouloff was roused from his bed by a state courier. On opening the packet delivered to him by that officer, he instantly perceived to his great joy that it contained the pardon of the unfortunates, whose release was the only thing wanted to complete his sum of happiness. He instantly repaired to their cabin, and having communicated his errand, was a joyful witness of their happiness. They fell on their knees, and after thanking the Almighty for their deliverance, prayed that every blessing might be showered upon the head of their benefactress, Prascovie.

We now draw the history of the Siberian heroine to a conclusion, and we wish it were in our power, consistently with truth, to do so in that pleasing manner which has been adopted by Madame Cottin. Lopouloff and his wife met

their daughter, as appointed, at the convent of Nijeni; and after the first emotions of joy had subsided, she informed them that it was her resolution to show her thankfulness to God for her father's release, by becoming a nun, and residing in the convent during the remainder of her existence. The happiness of the parents was much qualified by this unforeseen intelligence; but seeing that their daughter's resolve was unalterably fixed, they gave an unwilling consent. They passed eight days together at the convent in an alternation of joy and sorrow. Amidst the solemn rites with which that ceremony is accompanied, Prascovie took the veil, devoting the rest of her days to religious retirement. The slender means which Lopouloff possessed, prevented him from living at Nijeni; and his wife having relations at Wladimir, they repaired thither to end their days in the sweets of liberty. The final parting was indeed sorrowful.

It was the fate of the gentle Prascovie not to live to an old age in the retirement she had chosen. She died on the 8th of December 1809, in a hermitage near the convent.

THE TINTORETTO.

A TALE.

I.

THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

Our true tale is of a daughter of Venice—Venice of which the poet sings—

> "There is a glorious city in the sea:
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
> Invisible; and from the land we went
> As to a floating city—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky—
> By many a pile in more than eastern splendour,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings."

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen, close to the church of Santa Maria dell' Orta, or St. Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green and blue and yellow that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer, while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warerooms, and the idle boilers that lay turned upside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its inhabitants had ceased to be carried on. Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasant coolness. Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her made her turn her head. "Is it you, Jacopo?" said the old woman; "but what is the matter with you? You look quite cross."

"The matter?—the matter is, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer," said the man, breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as he spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colours.

"The night falls for every one as well as you, my son," replied the old woman in a calm and gentle tone.

"Yes; but my colours were all on the palette: I had just caught the precise tone of colouring; and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall have to begin the whole again. It is too bad—quite too bad."

"Well, what is to hinder you from beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?"

"My dyeing!" replied Jacopo impatiently; "you are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti—remember that, mother—of the Tintoretto. Painting and dyeing are two different things."*

"Not so very different after all," said the old woman coolly. "Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with colours; so it is all the same thing."

"All the same thing!" repeated Jacopo, with a momentary gesture of impatience.

"Yes, indeed; I know very well what I am saying. I am sure at all events, if there be any difference, it is only in the way of using the colours. Your father, my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul, used to boil them and dip the cloths in them; and you lay them on canvas with your pencil: but one way or the other, they are still colours, and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife, and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colours are."

"Well, well, mother, let us talk no more about it," said Jacopo, endeavouring to repress every expression of impatience; "let us talk of our children."

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* *Tintore* is the Italian for dyer; and *Tintoretto*, or Little Dyer, was the name usually applied to Jacopo, the son of old Robusti, although painting, not dyeing, was his profession.

"Oh yes, dear, handsome little Dominic, and my sweet, pretty little Marietta;" and, as if there were magic in the very names to soothe her, she now took the arm of her son with a look of gratified affection.

"*Little* Dominic indeed! A great tall young man of twenty—my pupil and successor! He is, indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast," said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. "What simplicity and boldness of design! what brilliancy of colouring! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio—'The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian.' He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Posterity will confound Tintoretto the father with Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of St. Ambrosio have ordered for their chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta?"

"How could I see it?" said the signora; "I do not even see himself: the boy is never at home."

"That is to say, mother, he never stirs from his workshop."

"If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, nor even answer me?"

"Because, when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his of locking his door; it prevents his being disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honour to me; for to his natural talent he unites indefatigable industry, and you know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister," added he with a heavy sigh.

"Marietta! Well, well, what can you possibly have to say against the dear little girl?"

"Much, mother, much; and this among other things. Having but two children, and wishing to dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined, in my wisdom, that one should learn painting, and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes; and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline.* Why is this, mother—why is this? She

* The mandoline was a stringed instrument, shaped like a lute, and played with the fingers.

well knows, ungrateful child as she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in hearing it."

"Well, Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will find she will begin again her singing. Do not be always finding fault with everything. You grumble at the night for falling, at the sun for casting too great a glare, at me because I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than between a white cap and a cap that is white, at my poor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold, and is hoarse. Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you, what all Venice calls you, the Tintoretto, I will call you by the name which the Society of Artists of St. Roch gave you—Il Furioso (The Furious)."

"Ah!" exclaimed the artist, whose countenance seemed suddenly to light up, "I can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling of the hall; and though my competitors were Paul Veronese, Salviati, and Frederico Gucchero, my picture was finished, approved, and fixed in its place, before the others had completed even their sketch. What a triumph! what a brilliant triumph!"

"Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but now, since the children are not here, will you give me leave to ask you one question? Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?"

"The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in its power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And yet you can ask of what use is painting?"

"I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords us a livelihood; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in a hundred times more than your painting, Jacopo."

"This is all idle, mother: you know I am not a tradesman," said Jacopo coldly.

"The very thing I complain of, my son; for we must live."

"But have we not enough, mother? Is there anything wanting in the house?"

"No; but that is all Marietta's good management, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money, in her hands, lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week."

"Where is she now, mother?"

"She is out, Jacopo."

"Out at supper time! This is one of the charges I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us: she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other."

The appearance, at this moment, of a third person at the garden door, silenced both the mother and son.

II.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET.

It was a young girl of striking beauty whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulating motion of the reed; her beautiful brown hair, fastened at the top of her head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her features, perfect in their outline, were wholly devoid of the downy freshness of early youth. Could it be care that had so paled the rose of her faded cheek? Was it toil that had so dimmed the brightness of those beautiful blue eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and fragile figure droop, as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at last to rest? When she perceived her father and grandmother, a slight colour for a moment tinged the paleness of her complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she said, in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet—it was music in itself—"This lovely evening must indeed have tempted you, for supper is on the table, and you both still here."

"We were waiting for you, Marietta," said her father somewhat gravely; "where have you been?"

"At the Grimani palace, father," she answered.

"Marietta, Marietta," returned Jacopo, as with his daughter they took the way to the eating-room, "you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of Venice; you will soon be of age to be married; and the son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of twenty——"

"Well, and where is the harm?" interrupted the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table; "if the Count Grimani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, what is the harm of all this?"

"None in the world," said the Tintoretto. "I am not one of those fathers who do violence to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own rank."

"And I would rather she took the prince," said the old mother.

"One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother."

"A count for me, who would give my darling girl the title of countess," said the dyer's widow.

"One of the people like herself, who would make my daughter happy, mother."

"A count might make her just as happy, son."

"We must not be above our situation in life, mother."

"We are nowhere forbidden to rise, Jacopo."

"But we must rise by talent and industry."

"Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo?"

"Oh, grandmamma," said Marietta, who had hitherto been modestly silent, "how can you—you, the mother of the Tintoretto—ask whether talent elevates?"

"Tell me, you little goose," said the mother Robusti, "has your father been made a nobleman—has he got any titles?"

"If he has not the nobility that consists in titles, yet he has the nobility that genius and talent confer." And the

fair face of the young girl suddenly glowed with enthusiasm as she gazed on her father. "Grandmamma, Venice is proud of my father; she exults in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens: and say—say, dear grandmamma, what name of count, or marquis, or prince, will you compare with that of the Tintoretto?"

The eyes of the Tintoretto were at that moment fondly fixed upon the bright face of his child.

"This is all very fine," said the old woman, with a contemptuous shake of the head; "but, after all, what is your father, Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him; my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul: and mark my words, he may paint pictures and apotheoses, and Adams and Eves beguiled by serpents, but he will never rise above his present condition; he will never get beyond dyeing; he will be always grinding and mixing colours—it may be more or it may be less than my poor husband, my poor Robusti——"

"Pray, grandmamma, let us say no more of painting or dyeing," said Marietta hastily, having perceived a slight frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed—"You are quite right, Marietta: besides, I want to ask about your brother. As I passed his workshop just now, I happened to look in, and he was not there. Do you know where he is?"

Marietta answered, with somewhat of embarrassment, "You must not be uneasy or displeased with Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think—I suppose—with some friends perhaps."

"There is no harm done," replied Jacopo, "so you need not be stammering and blushing and casting down your eyes, girl. I am not angry with Dominic for that. All work and no play would never do."

"Was I blushing?" said Marietta, whose embarrassment appeared to increase.

"Blushing, indeed!" said the old woman; "it is pale she is, and not red, the poor child."

"It is quite true," said the father. "Are you ill, my child, or is there anything troubling you? Speak freely and openly. You are a modest, and a prudent, and a well-conducted girl, and that makes amends for much."

"You were displeased with me, then, father. Will you not tell me why?"

"Yes," said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on the young girl, "I was displeased with you, because there seemed to me something very mysterious in your conduct."

"Mysterious!" interrupted the mother Robusti.

"Ask no questions, mother; for I would have spoken sooner, but for fear of making you uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, if not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing, or see her even touch the mandoline. If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you becoming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?"

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply. She jumped up, and ran to open the hall door.

III.

THE CANON OF ST. AMBROSIO.

At sight of a person in the garb of the canons of St. Ambrosio, the Tintoretto and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Marietta, she seemed petrified by the visit. There she stood, leaving the reverend father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her welcome—curtsey after curtsey testified her sense of his presence. "Will your reverence have the goodness to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to ask you to sit down and honour us by partaking of our poor supper? Marietta, child, what can you be about, to leave his reverence standing so long? A chair here, girl—quick, a chair."

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention, and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the canon. "Pray take a seat, Father Ambrosio," said she; "will your reverence try a little soup, or a glass of wine?"

"Not anything, I thank you, my dear child," said the reverend father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax

while speaking to Marietta. "Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora Robusti. Go on with your supper, Signor Jacopo. I only came to——"

"To pay us a friendly, neighbourly visit," quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavoured to hide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which, in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and manner. "It is very kind of you, father—very kind indeed. But the canons of your order have always been remarkable for their condescension and kindness."

"Who could be otherwise than kind to you, my daughter," answered the canon. "But I came here to——"

"Did you visit the Countess Grimani to-day, father?" again interrupted Marietta.

"Yes, daughter; but——"

"She has had many trials; but I trust they will now soon be over," said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not letting the visitor finish his sentences. The usually modest retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character: she talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least to give the father no opportunity of telling the object of his visit. In vain did he begin, "I came out this evening, at some inconvenience;" and again, "I have come here to say:" she contrived always to break in with some question or remark, till at last her father turned to the canon—"I must beg of you, father, to excuse this little chatter-box of a girl, who has so often interrupted you when about to tell us to what we owe the honour of this visit."

"I wanted to see your son Dominic, signor," said Ambrosio.

"My brother is not at home just now," said Marietta, before any one else could reply. "But to-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish. Only tell me your hour, father, and he shall be punctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him; Dominic shall be with you precisely at the hour you name."

"If you would have the kindness to tell me your business with him," said the Tintoretto. An answer was already upon the lips of Father Ambrosio, when Marietta again in-

terposed—"I am sure it is about the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta. Am I not right, reverend father? It is finished, or nearly so: a few touches only are wanting; and to-morrow, or the day after at farthest, it shall be in its place in your chapel. You may rely upon me, father. I pledge myself that you shall have it." She then added in a lower tone, "I implore of you to say no more now, for my sake, this once."

The Father Ambrosio rose. "That was all I wanted, at least *just now*," said he with some emphasis on the last words. "Signora Marietta is quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you again: remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes to us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which wė become the abettor of faults, which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting. I do not mean this for you, my child," added he; "however, some time or other you may profit by this piece of advice." And with these words he made his parting salutations, and withdrew.

"Well, what is he at with his indulgence, and his charity, and his weakness, and his faults?" said the grandmother with a puzzled look. "One would think he was giving advice, as you run up the scale, to keep yourself in practice."

"Come, dear grandmamma, let us finish our supper," said Marietta with the air of one who had suddenly been relieved from some heavy weight of care.

IV.

THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the artist—even the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed, even the sun was not yet up—when the door of one of the rooms was gently opened, and Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the threshold. "Not a sound!" said she, after a moment's anxious listening. "He is not yet come in; for the whole night I have never closed my eyes. Brother, brother, how sadly art thou to blame." Then, advancing on tiptoe into the corridor, she descended the stairs, opened the hall door, and darted into the street.

She passed in front of St. Mark's church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were hers; she offered one prayer for guidance, and hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, there with eager eye to watch each gondola that floated by, as if to discover whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing-place, and let out a passenger. She stopped, for a well-known voice struck upon her ear; and turning quickly round, she faced a tall youth, whose disordered dress, flushed face, and unsteady gait, too plainly betokened his condition.

"Dominic!" cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the utterance of that single word!

"Well, well; I know all you would say, Marietta," answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face betrayed he did not feel. "I am a bad boy, a ne'er-do-well, a sot, a lazy dog—am I not?"

"You are still worse than all these, Dominic," said Marietta in accents of deep sadness; "you are a bad son and a bad brother."

"Oh, there I must stop you, Marietta. I am anything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I revere my father; and I love you, sister—love you more than you believe."

"If you love me, Dominic, come home with me at once."

"I am all obedience, you see, dear Marietta, beloved Marietta!" said Dominic, taking his sister's arm, and turning towards home. On their way, Marietta said, "Father Ambrosio came yesterday evening to the house, and I was so much frightened, brother!"

"What! Afraid of Father Ambrosio, Marietta?"

"Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you knew all my contrivances to prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; and the picture, too, that, in your name, I promised he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not, Dominic?"

"You mean go to sleep, Marietta; indeed you may rely upon it: I am half asleep already."

"Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?"

"You shall see, my dear; you shall see. Sleep? ay, and snore too."

"You will sleep," said Marietta in a reproachful tone, "when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father, who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model worthy of all imitation—my poor father will hear that this studious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; that the pupil, who is his pride and his boast, has not touched a pencil for more than a year; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, borrows money wherever he can get it, to squander in folly and vice. Dominic, one sentence uttered last night by Father Ambrosio made me tremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and, as he went away, he said—— Nay, Dominic, do listen to me—he said——"

"But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister," drawled out Dominic. "If I get no sleep, I shall surely be ill; and you would not like to see me ill, I am sure."

"Heaven forbid!" said Marietta fervently.

"Then you must let me go to bed when I go home."

"But the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta, brother?"

"The hand which has brought it so far, will carry it on to the end."

"That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon upon my finishing it?"

"Your penetration is truly astonishing, Marietta."

"And your assurance perfectly incredible. But it is impossible for me to finish this picture, and I will tell you why. I am taking a likeness of the Countess Grimani, and she has advanced me some ducats of the price."

"Fy, fy, Marietta; I am ashamed of you. You ought not thus to anticipate your earnings."

"How much did you borrow upon your picture, Dominic?"

"I! Oh, but that was quite different. I had debts which I was obliged to pay."

"And I, Dominic—I had to support my father, my grandmother, and—and—yourself. Our father gains no more than just covers his expenses, and you know we must live."

"You ought to have told me all this, Marietta, and I would have acted accordingly."

"I told it to you a hundred times."

"Yes, but at such cross times, Marietta; always at the very moment that I was either going to or coming from my friends."

"But at what time is it ever otherwise with you, Dominic?"

By this time the brother and sister had arrived at home; they entered, and found that no one was yet up in the house. Marietta had scarcely put her foot on the first step of the staircase leading to her brother's workshop, than Dominic, catching her hand, pressed it affectionately, and whispering, "Good-by, sister, I am going to bed," disappeared inside the door of a small room which he occupied on the ground-floor.

Marietta remained for a moment as if bewildered; then, with the air of one who resigns herself to an evil she cannot remedy, she was turning towards her brother's workshop, when she heard herself called loudly by her father.

V.

THE LESSON ON THE MANDOLINE.

"Marietta!" said the Tintoretto, who, with his pencil in one hand and his palette in the other, was standing before one of his masterpieces, the picture of Susanna in the bath —"bring your mandoline, and give me a little music to cheer me this morning." At this peremptory order Marietta trembled and turned pale.

"Father," said she hesitatingly, "if you could at all excuse me; for—for——"

"What!—what!" said the Tintoretto impatiently.

"I have the portrait of the Countess Grimani to finish," said she hurriedly, but with more confidence, believing she had now found a good excuse.

"This is always the burden of your song—the Countess Grimani and her portrait!" said the artist, turning, without looking at his daughter, to resume his painting. "But the Countess Grimani is safe in bed at this hour of the morning; so pray, for once sing another song, Marietta, and without waiting for any more pressing, child."

"I have got a slight cold, and am a little hoarse this morning," said the young girl, almost with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, that's a different matter, Marietta—quite different;" and Marietta, breathing again at the reprieve, was turning towards the door to retire, when her father stopped her by saying, "But at all events, go for your mandoline: you can play, I suppose, though you cannot sing?"

"I intreat of you, father," said Marietta, summoning all her courage, "do not ask me for music this morning—I have not time."

"And what else have you to do but to please your father?" said the Tintoretto, the cloud now fast gathering on his brow—"what have you to do anywhere else, when my order is that you should stay here? Under pretence that your health is delicate, you are let go on as you like; you are not required to do anything in the house; in short, you are quite spoiled; and it is high time all this should have an end. I say, go fetch your mandoline. If you cannot sing, at least you can play, signora—you can play. My bile is up—take care!"

There was nothing to be said. Marietta took down the instrument from the place where it hung, and, seating herself on a low stool behind her father, began to prelude. But her thoughts were elsewhere—with her brother's picture and her own portrait. In imagination, she saw Father Ambrosio come back to disclose all, and by one word destroy all her father's fond hopes for his son, and bring him the sad knowledge, that vain had been his efforts to train him up in the paths of virtue and honourable industry, in which genius finds its surest road to undying fame—a road strewed with laurels that cost no tears. In imagination, she heard the Countess Grimani reproach her with negligence, and her heart sunk within her; and so listlessly, so feebly did she touch the instrument, that the merest beginner would have been ashamed of the tuneless, inharmonious notes produced. But how was she startled when suddenly she saw her instrument, upon which the tears she could not restrain had been for some minutes falling fast, flying to the other end of the room; and felt the same hand which had shivered it into pieces take her by the shoulder, push her roughly out of the workshop,

drag her up to her room, and throw her upon the first seat that presented itself! All was the work of an instant. Not a word had passed between her and her father. He had done all, had disappeared and double-locked the room door upon her before she had even seen the storm gathering; nor did she comprehend the extent of her misfortune till she heard the voice of her father crying to her, "You shall not stir out of that for a week!"

We must leave her to weep and muse upon the means of preventing what she most dreaded, while we follow the Tintoretto.

VI.

A LETTER WITH A ROYAL SEAL.

Jacopo Robusti had resumed his work. At first he could scarcely hold the pencil. A father's hand, after chastising his child, could not but shake. By degrees, however, it steadied; and when his mother came in, he had almost forgotten his anger and its cause. "A courier in a fine livery, and mounted on a beautiful horse, has just brought this letter for you, my son," said the Signora Robusti, placing on the edge of her son's tressel a paper folded square, and secured by a green ribbon, to which hung a seal in green wax. Then seeing that her son neither answered her nor even looked at the letter, she added, "Do you wish me to call Marietta to read it?"

"Marietta! Marietta, indeed!" repeated the painter, the name seeming to revive his anger. "I beg of you, mother, to let me alone about Marietta."

"How crossly you say that, Jacopo; one would think you were angry with the dear creature, my darling sweet child."

"The dear creature, the darling sweet child," retorted Jacopo, "is a little obstinate, impertinent girl, whom I have just locked up in her room, and forbidden to come into my presence for a week."

"Locked her up!" exclaimed the old woman, as if she scarcely believed she had heard aright.

"Oh, I suppose I ought not to have dared to do such a thing," replied Jacopo, becoming more and more excited.

The good grandmother stood for a few moments listening to him with the air of one in a waking dream, then coming

up close to him, said, "Jacopo, you will revoke your too harsh sentence; you will pardon my poor child. I ask not what she has done; she must have done wrong, since you are displeased with her; but you will forgive her; say, will you not?"

To avoid answering his mother, whose pleadings touched his heart more than he cared to admit, Jacopo Robusti took up the letter to read, and began by looking at the signature. "It is from King Philip of Spain!" exclaimed he; and glancing rapidly over the letter, added, "He speaks of a portrait painted by Dominic doubtless, though he says by my daughter—a mistake, of course—and he invites the painter to his court. He wishes to have his likeness taken by him. What an honour! I am transported with joy. Mother, pray call Dominic." And he began calling loudly himself, "Dominic, Dominic! The poor boy is shut up at his work, and so absorbed in it, that he does not even hear me. Dominic, Dominic!"

At this instant the door opened, and Signora Robusti, who was leaving the room, was stopped by the appearance of Father Ambrosio.

VII.

FATHER AMBROSIO AGAIN.

"I beg your pardon; I have mistaken the workshop," said the father, and was about to retire, when he was prevented by Robusti.

"Pray walk in, Father Ambrosio, for if it be Dominic you want, my mother was just going to call him here, as I, too, have something to say to him."

The canon took the chair placed for him by the signora as she left the room to call her grandson, who ere long made his appearance. His red eyes and swollen features, and the disorder of his whole appearance, betrayed that the night had certainly not been passed quietly in bed, though he seemed at the moment still half asleep. But one glance at Father Ambrosio's grave and stern countenance seemed completely to arouse him, and he advanced towards him with an almost supplicating air.

"I have called to see if the picture is ready, Signor Dominic," said the canon. It is now the twentieth of

August, and you are aware that, according to our agreement, this picture ought to have been in its place for the feast of the Assumption five days ago."

"I assure you, father—I assure you," stammered Dominic in evident embarrassment.

"I assure *you*, sir, that when promises are made, they ought to be kept," said the canon. "However, I am come to release you from your engagement, sir. Keep the picture, and refund the advance made to you."

"What advance?" asked Jacopo. "What do you mean?"

"Only that I paid for the picture long since."

"Dominic, Dominic! you took payment in advance?" cried the Tintoretto with indignant surprise.

"It was to give to his sister, doubtless," interposed the grandmother, always ready to defend the young people; "it was to give to his sister for household expenses. You do not provide the means, Jacopo, and you know the house must be kept up."

All this time Dominic stood with downcast eyes, and made no reply. The Tintoretto, willing to find, in what his mother had suggested, an excuse for him who was the pride of his heart, now said, "I will ask your reverence to forgive my son for once, in consideration of the letter which he has just received from the king of Spain. I would not ask you, could I for a moment believe that what you complain of, and what so much startled me at first, was more than the result of a pressing family necessity, for which he sought to provide means. Here, Dominic; I sent for you that you might read this good news."

Dominic took the letter handed to him by his father; but scarcely had he cast his eyes over its contents than he exclaimed, "It is not for me, father; it is for Marietta."

"You must be mistaken, boy," said Jacopo; "I suppose it is a portrait of some Spanish noble that his majesty has seen; and your sister daubs, but she does not paint. I can get nothing of any kind from her—an indolent, good-for-nothing girl, whom I had taught music, and now she cannot play a note."

"Is it my sister?" said Dominic in utter astonishment.

"Yes, your sister. Not half an hour ago I begged of her to sing a little to divert me—the young lady, out of humour, doubtless, at having been up too early, wanted forsooth to go to bed again, and I cannot tell you all the idle excuses she invented; and when at last I forced her to get her mandoline, she actually wept for vexation."

"My poor Marietta!" said Dominic.

"Your poor Marietta is locked up in her own room for the next week, I promise you," said Jacopo coolly.

"Locked up!" cried Dominic impetuously, and giving way to a burst of natural feeling—"you have been angry with my sister; you have punished her, and she did not tell you that it is for me, to toil for me, to make up for the time that I lose—spare me the shame of saying how—that she gets up before day, and, not content with doing my work, she supports us all by her portrait-painting; for you know, dear father, how little either you or I have contributed. Yes, father, Marietta is an angel of goodness; and the king's letter is certainly for her."

"My child! my child!" said the Tintoretto with deep emotion; "and I to reproach her! to treat her so harshly! My poor Marietta!" and, darting out of the room, he was followed by all present. But what were their feelings when they came to the young girl's room, and saw that the prison-door was already open, and the prisoner gone.

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The whole party remained motionless with astonishment on the threshold of the deserted chamber. "My child! where is my child?" cried the old grandmother, bursting into tears; "what is become of my child?" and, as is usual where there is much grief and not much sense, she began to throw the blame on everybody. She scolded her son for his being so severe, Dominic for being so idle, and even Father Ambrosio for being silent. But suddenly Dominic exclaimed, "Fool that I was, ungrateful fool, not to remember where I would surely find her;" and, leading the way to his workshop, he approached the door on tiptoe, put his eye to the key-hole, and whispered, "She is there!" and the impatient Jacopo rushed in, followed by the whole party. At sight of her father, Marietta, imagining she had

irritated him still more by leaving the room, started up in terror, and fell upon her knees, crying, "Pardon, my father; pardon!"

"It is I who ought to ask your pardon," said the Tintoretto, raising his daughter, and pressing her fondly to his bosom—"pardon for having wronged such an angel." He then suddenly exclaimed, as he caught a view of the picture at which Marietta had been at work, "What colouring! what force! what finish! Who could have produced such a picture?"

"It was my brother—it was my sister," cried both the brother and the sister at the same time.

"It was you, sister, who caught the expression of the Virgin."

"It was you, brother, who designed that head."

"It was you, Marietta, who painted those angels."

"But it was you who sketched them, Dominic."

"Ah, Marietta," said Dominic, taking both his sister's hands, "do not exalt me at your own expense any longer. You have humbled me in the dust; you have shown me what a mean contemptible wretch I have been. Oh, how my utter selfishness stands out in contrast with your self-sacrificing spirit! One word would have exculpated you, and you did not speak that word. I hate myself for my heartlessness."

"Do not make me appear better than I am, Dominic," answered Marietta with a sweet smile; "for when I saw my father so angry with me, I was on the point of uttering that word; but I thought that the anger impending over my head would have fallen more heavily upon yours, and I was silent."

"You are two good children," said Father Ambrosio, whose sternness had completely given way before this exhibition of devoted sisterly affection. "I am persuaded, Dominic, you could not have the heart to offend again; therefore, for your sister's sake, and in consideration of your open avowal of all, I will wait for the finishing of your picture, and you shall have some additional payment."

"But, Marietta," said the Tintoretto, who stood gazing at the picture with the pride of a father and of an artist,

"you are a great painter. My God, I thank thee! I shall die happy."

"She is something better than a great painter," said the old grandmother, with the tears rolling down her cheeks; "she is a good daughter, a good sister, a good Christian. As to her being a painter, how could she have avoided it, born and reared as she was, like myself, in the very midst of colours?"

We need not dwell upon the happy explanation which followed. How amply was Marietta repaid for her anxious and incessant toil! A brother restored to her, to his father, to virtue; herself once more the object of a father's love—his pride, his boast. All concealment—that trial to an ingenuous mind—at an end, she could take her pencil and work happily, with a fond father hanging over her and encouraging her. He wished her to attempt historical painting; but, as a woman, she shrunk from the necessary studies, and devoted herself to portraits; and soon, under the instructions of her father, became an adept both in design and colouring; nay, she made such progress, that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. All the nobility of Venice would have their portraits taken by her; and the king of Spain, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Archduke Ferdinand, endeavoured to draw her to their courts by the most liberal offers. But her devoted attachment to her father made her reject all these proposals, and she remained with him till her death, which took place at the age of thirty, in 1590—natural weakness of constitution having been still more increased by early toil. She was interred at the convent of Santa Maria dell' Orta, which owed its chief embellishment to her genius.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The portion of the new world earliest colonised by the Spaniards was the island of St. Domingo, Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage in the year 1492. For nearly twenty years this island was the only colony of importance held by the Spaniards in the new world; here alone did they occupy lands, build towns, and found a regular commonwealth. Cuba, although the second of the islands discovered by Columbus, remained long uncolonised; indeed it was not till the year 1509 that it was circumnavigated, and ascertained to be an island. At length, in 1511, Don Diego Columbus, the great admiral's son, governor of Hispaniola, despatched a force of three hundred men, under Don Diego Velasquez, to take possession of the island. Velasquez soon subdued the island, the natives of which offered but little resistance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed governor, subordinate to the governor of Hispaniola. Ambitious of sharing in the glory to be derived from the discovery of new countries, Velasquez fitted out one or two expeditions, which he despatched westward, to explore the seas in that direction. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1517, commanded by a rich colonist called Cordova, the peninsula of Yucatan was discovered, and the existence of a large and rich country called Culua or Mexico ascertained. Elated with this discovery, Velasquez fitted out another expedition under his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, who, leaving Cuba in April 1518, spent five months in cruising along the newly-discovered coast, and trafficking with the natives for gold trinkets and cotton cloths, very skilfully manufactured. The result of this expedition was the importation to Cuba of gold and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pesos, or upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

EXPEDITION OF HERNANDO CORTES.

Delighted with his success, Velasquez wrote home to Spain announcing his discovery, and petitioning for authori-

ty from the king to conquer and colonise the country which his subordinates, Cordova and Grijalva, had discovered. Without waiting, however, for a reply to his petition, he commenced fitting out a much larger squadron than either of the two former; and this he placed under the command of Hernando Cortes, a respectable Spanish hidalgo, or gentleman, residing in the island, and who was at this time thirty-three years of age.

Cortes proceeded with the greatest activity in making his preparations. "Borrowing money for the purpose," says Bernal Diaz, the gossiping chronicler of the Conquest, "he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto, the meaning of which was, 'Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for under it we shall conquer.' It was proclaimed by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that all such as entered the service in the present expedition should have their shares of what gold was obtained, and grants of land, as soon as the conquest was effected. The proclamation was no sooner made than, by general inclination as well as the private influence of Cortes, volunteers offered themselves everywhere. Nothing was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork for sea-store. Above three hundred of us assembled in the town of St. Jago." These preparations were likely to be interrupted. Velasquez, ruminating the probable consequences of the expedition, had begun to repent of having appointed Cortes to the command, and was secretly plotting his removal. Cortes, perceiving these symptoms, determined to outwit his patron. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of November 1518—having warned all the captains, masters, pilots, and soldiers to be on board, and having shipped all the stores that had been collected—Cortes set sail from the port of St. Jago without announcing his intention to Velasquez, resolving to stop at some of the more westerly ports of the island for the purpose of completing his preparations, where he would be beyond the reach of the governor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Velasquez at the sudden departure of Cortes. He wrote to the commandants of two towns at which he learned that the fleet had put in for recruits and provisions, to seize

Cortes, and send him back; but such was the popularity of Cortes, that both were afraid to make the attempt.

At last all was ready, and Cortes finally set sail from Cuba on the 18th of February 1519. The expedition, which consisted of eleven vessels, most of them small, and without decks, met with no disaster at sea, but arrived safely at the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, after a few days' sail. Here Cortes landed, to review his troops. They consisted of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not including the mariners, who amounted to one hundred and ten. They possessed sixteen horses, some of them not very serviceable, ten brass field-pieces, four smaller pieces called falconets, and thirty-two cross-bows; the majority of the soldiers being armed with ordinary steel weapons. Attending on the army were about two hundred Cuba Indians, and some Indian women. And as religion in those days sanctioned military conquest, there were in addition two clergymen—Juan Diaz, and Bartholomew de Olmedo.

For nine or ten days the Spaniards remained at Cozumel, making acquaintance with the natives, who were very friendly. Here Cortes, whose zeal for the Catholic religion was one of the strongest of his feelings, made it one of his first concerns to argue with the natives, through an interpreter, on the point of their religion. He even went so far as to demolish their idols before their eyes, and erect an altar to the Virgin on the spot where they had stood. The natives were horror-struck, and seemed at first ready to fall upon the Spaniards, but at length they acquiesced.

While at Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to pick up a Spaniard, who, having been wrecked in his passage from Darien to Hispaniola in the year 1511, had for seven years been detained as a slave among the Indians of Yucatan. The name of this poor man was Jeronimo de Aguilar; he had been educated for the church; and as he could speak the language of Yucatan, his services as an interpreter were likely to be very valuable. On the 4th of March 1519, the fleet, consisting of eleven vessels, commanded respectively by Cortes, Pedro de Alvarado, Alonzo Puerto Carrero, Francisco de Montejo, Christoval de Olid, Diego de Ordaz, Velasquez de Leon, Juan de Escalante, Francisco de Morla, Escobar, and Gines Nortes, set sail from Cozumel, and on the 13th it anchored at the mouth of the river Ta-

basco or Grijalva, flowing into the south of the Bay of Campeachy.

The expedition had now reached the scene of active operations; it had arrived on the coast of the American continent. Cortes does not appear to have been naturally a bloodily-disposed man. He was only what a perverted education and the vices of his times had made him—a man full of mighty notions of the Spanish authority; of its right to take, by foul or by fair means, any country it liked; and not without an excuse from religion to rob and kill the unfortunate natives who dared to defend their territories.

We have now, therefore, to record the beginning of a most unjust and merciless war of aggression. As Cortes, with his followers, sailed up the river as far as Tabasco, he everywhere observed the natives preparing to repel his attack, and at length he was brought into collision with them—of course overpowering them by the force of arms, with immense slaughter. On reaching Tabasco, his soldiers fought their way through dense masses of Indians, who discharged among them perfect clouds of arrows and stones. Pushing through the streets, which were lined with houses, some of mud, and some of stone, the victors reached a large open square in the centre, where temples of large size were erected. Here the troops were drawn up; and Cortes, advancing to a large ceiba-tree which grew in the middle, gave it three slashes with his sword, and took possession of the city and country in the name of his royal master Don Carlos, king of Castile.

Next day another great battle was fought between the Spaniards and the Tabascans on the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. For an hour the Spanish infantry fought in the midst of an ocean of enemies, battling on all sides, beating one wave back, only that another might advance—a little islet encircled by the savage breakers. At length, with the assistance of their horse—a terrible sight to the Indians—the Spaniards were victorious. The spirit of the Tabascans was now completely subdued. Their chiefs came to the camp of Cortes with faces and gestures expressive of contrition, and brought him presents of fowls, fish, maize, and numerous gold toys representing many kinds of animals in miniature. For the

horses, they brought a feast of turkeys and roses! They also gave Cortes twenty Indian girls to attend the army. To his inquiries respecting the country whence they obtained the gold, they replied by repetitions of the words "Culua" and "Mexico," and pointing to the west. Having obtained all the information the Tabascans could give him, Cortes resolved to proceed on his voyage. Accordingly, after a solemn mass, which the Indians attended, the armament left Tabasco, and after a short sail, arrived off the coast of St. Juan de Ulua, the site of the modern Vera Cruz. It was on Holy Thursday (April 20), in the year 1519, that they arrived at the port of St. Juan de Ulua, the extreme eastern province of the Mexican dominions properly so called. The royal flag was floating from the mast of Cortes's ship. The Spaniards could see the beach crowded with natives, who had come down to gaze at the strange "water-houses," of which they had formerly seen specimens. At length a light pirogue, filled with natives, some of them evidently men of rank, pushed off from the shore, and steered for the ship of Cortes. The Indians went on board without any symptoms of fear, and, what was more striking, with an air of ease and perfect good-breeding. They spoke a different language from that of the inhabitants of Cozumel or the Tabascans—a language, too, which Aguilar did not understand. Fortunately, one of the twenty Indian girls presented by the Tabascans to the Spaniards was a Mexican by birth. This girl, whose Spanish name of Donna Marina is imperishably associated with the history of the conquest of Mexico, was the daughter of a chief, but, by a singular course of events, had become a slave in Tabasco. She had already attracted attention by her beauty, sweetness, and gentleness, and she had been mentioned to Cortes. Her services now became valuable. The Mexican was her native language; but, by her residence in Tabasco, she had acquired the Tabascan, which language was also familiar to Aguilar. Interpreting, therefore, what the Mexicans said into Tabascan to Aguilar, Aguilar in turn interpreted the Tabascan into Spanish; and thus, though somewhat circuitously, Cortes could hold communication with his visitors.

The Aztec visitors who came on board the ship of Cortes, informed him that they were instructed by the governor of the province to ask what he wanted on their coasts, and to promise that whatever he required should be supplied.

Cortes replied that his object was to make the acquaintance of the people of those countries, and that he would do them no injury. He then presented them with some beads of cut glass, and after an entertainment of wine, they took their departure, promising that Teuthlille, the governor of the province under their great emperor, should visit him the next day.

Next day, Friday the 21st of April 1519, Cortes landed with his troops, and had an interview with Teuthlille, who received the visitors with suspicion; and this feeling was not lessened by the parade of mounted dragoons and firing of guns with which the Spanish commander thought fit to astonish him and the other natives. Sketches were taken of the appearance of the strangers, in order to be sent to Montezuma, the king of the country, who was likewise to be informed that the white men who had arrived on his coast desired to be allowed to come and see him in his capital.

Here we pause to present a short account of the Mexican empire, in which Cortes had landed; also of the character and government of this monarch, Montezuma, whom the Spaniards expected soon to be permitted to visit.

THE MEXICANS—THEIR ORIGIN AND CIVILISATION.

If a traveller, landing on that part of the coast of the Mexican gulf where Cortes and his Spaniards landed three hundred and thirty years ago, were to proceed westward across the continent, he would pass successively through three regions or climates. First, he would pass through the *tierra caliente*, or hot region, distinguished by all the features of the tropics—their luxuriant vegetation, their occasional sandy deserts, and their unhealthiness at particular seasons. After sixty miles of travel through this tierra caliente, he would enter the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, where the products of the soil are such as belong to the most genial European countries. Ascending through it, the traveller at last leaves wheat-fields beneath him, and plunges into forests of pine, indicating his entrance into the *tierra fria*, or cold region, where the sleety blasts from the mountains penetrate the very bones. This tierra fria constitutes the summits of part of the great mountain range of the Andes, which traverses the whole American continent.

Fortunately, however, at this point the Andes do not attain their greatest elevation. Instead of rising, as in some other parts of their range, in a huge perpendicular wall or ridge, they here flatten and widen out, so as to constitute a vast *plateau*, or table-land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this immense sheet of table-land, stretching for hundreds of miles, the inhabitants, though living within the tropics, enjoy a climate equal to that of the south of Italy; while their proximity to the extremes both of heat and cold enables them to procure, without much labour, the luxuries of many lands. Across the table-land there stretches from east to west a chain of volcanic peaks, some of which are of immense height, and covered perpetually with snow.

This table-land was known in the Mexican language by the name of the plain of Anahuac. Near its centre is a valley of an oval form, about two hundred miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart of porphyritic rock, and overspread for about a tenth part of its surface by five distinct lakes or sheets of water. This is the celebrated valley of Mexico—called a valley only by comparison with the mountains which surround it, for it is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Round the margins of the five lakes once stood numerous cities, the relics of which are yet visible; and on an islet in the middle of the largest lake stood the great city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the capital of the empire which the Spaniards were now invading, and the residence of the Mexican emperor, Montezuma.

The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity—a part of the more extensive question of the manner in which America was peopled. According to Mr. Prescott, the latest, and one of the best authorities on the subject, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the north-west of the continent where it approaches Asia. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the great table-land of central America was inhabited by a number of races and sub-races, all originally of the same stock, but differing from each other greatly in character and degree of civilisation, and engaged in mutual hostilities. The cities of these different races were scattered over the plateau, principally in the neighbourhood of the five lakes. Tezcuco, on the

eastern bank of the greatest of the lakes, was the capital of the Acolhuans; and Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, founded in 1325, on an island in the same lake, was the capital of the Aztecs.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the dominant race in the plains of Anahuac was the Acolhuans, or Tezcucans, represented as a people of mild and polished manners, skilled in the elegant arts, and possessing literary habits and tastes—the Athenians, if we may so call them, of the new world. The most celebrated of the Tezcucan sovereigns was Nezahualcoyotl, who reigned early in the fifteenth century. By this prince a revolution was effected in the political state of the valley of Anahuac. He procured the formation of a confederacy between Tezcuco and the two neighbouring friendly cities of Mexico and Tlacopan, by which they bound themselves severally to assist each other when attacked, and to carry on wars conjointly. In this strange alliance Tezcuco was the principal member, as being confessedly the most powerful state; Mexico stood next; and lastly Tlacopan, as being inferior to the other two.

Nezahualcoyotl died in 1470, and was succeeded on the Tezcucan throne by his son Nezahualpilli. During his reign the Tezcucans fell from their position as the first member of the triple confederacy which his father had formed, and gave place to the Aztecs or Mexicans. These Aztecs had been gradually growing in consequence since their first arrival in the valley. Decidedly inferior to the Tezcucans in culture, and professing a much more bloody and impure worship, they excelled them in certain qualities, and possessed, on the whole, a firmer and more compact character. If the Tezcucans were the Greeks, the Aztecs were the Romans of the new world. Under a series of able princes they had increased in importance, till now, in the reign of Nezahualpilli, they were the rivals of their allies, the Tezcucans, for the sovereignty of Anahuac.

In the year 1502 a vacancy occurred in the throne of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. The election fell on Montezuma II., the nephew of the deceased monarch, a young man, who had already distinguished himself as a soldier and a priest or sage, and who was noted, as his name—Montezuma (sorrowful man)—implied, for a certain gravity and sad severity of manner. The first years of Montezuma's reign were

spent in war. Carrying his victorious arms as far as Nicaragua and Honduras in the south, and to the shores of the Mexican gulf in the east, he extended the sovereignty of the triple confederacy, of which he was a member, over an immense extent of territory. Distant provinces he compelled to pay him tribute; and the wealth of Anahuac flowed from all directions towards the valley of Mexico. Haughty and severe in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes, he ruled like an Oriental despot over the provinces which he had conquered; and the least attempt at rebellion was fearfully punished, captives being dragged in hundreds to the capital to be slaughtered on the stone of human sacrifice in the great war temple. Nor did Montezuma's own natural-born subjects stand less in dread of him. Wise, liberal, and even generous in his government, his inflexible and relentless justice, and his lordly notions of his own dignity, made him an object less of affection than of awe and reverence. In his presence his nobles spoke in whispers; in his palace he was served with a slavish homage; and when he appeared in public, his subjects veiled their faces, as unworthy to gaze upon his person. The death of Nezahualpilli, in 1516, made him absolute sovereign in Anahuac. On the death of that king, two of his sons, Cacama and Ixtlilxochitl, contended for the throne of Tezcuco. Montezuma sided with Cacama; and the dispute was at length ended by a compromise between the two brothers, by which the kingdom was divided into two parts—Cacama obtaining the southern half with the city of Tezcuco, and Ixtlilxochitl the northern half.

Thus, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, Montezuma was absolute sovereign of nearly the whole of that portion of central America which lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—the kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan being nominally his confederates and counsellors, according to the ancient treaty of alliance between the three states, but in reality his dependents. The spot where Cortes had landed was in one of the maritime provinces of Montezuma's dominion.

It is a singular, but well-authenticated fact, that at the time the Spaniards landed in America, a general expectation prevailed among the natives of the arrival of a mysterious race of white men from the East, who were to conquer the

country. This was especially the case in Mexico. There was a tradition among the Mexicans that, some ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, and while yet the Aztec empire was in its infancy, there appeared in Anahuac a divine personage called Quetzalcoatl. He was a man of benevolent aspect, tall in stature, with a white complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard; and he came from the East. He resided in Anahuac for many years, teaching the Mexicans numerous arts and sciences, and reforming their manners; and under his care the country flourished and became happy. At length some difference arose between him and the Mexicans, and they no longer paid respect to the words of the good Quetzalcoatl. He then announced to them that he was going to depart from their country. Proceeding eastward, delaying a little while at Cholula, a city which ever after was regarded as sacred, he arrived at the sea-shore. Embarking on board a little skiff made of serpents' skins, he pushed out to sea, and as the Mexicans strained their eyes after him, he disappeared in the distance, going, as it seemed, to the East. Before he departed, however, he delivered a prophecy, that at some future time people of his race, with white complexions like his, would come from the East to conquer and possess the country.

The tradition of Quetzalcoatl's prophecy was rife among the natives of Anahuac when Cortes arrived, and it was with a kind of religious awe that Montezuma and his people heard of the arrival of the white men in their "water-houses." Cortes and his men constituted, as we have seen, this body. Teuthlille's messengers, announcing their arrival, had already reached Montezuma; and he was now deliberating in what manner he should receive the strangers. In order to learn his decision, let us return to the Spaniards on the sea-coast.

THE SPANIARDS FOUND A COLONY—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Spaniards, supplied by the natives with plenty of everything which they required, were waiting the return of the messengers to Montezuma. After six days they returned, accompanied by Teuthlille. They bore with them a splendid present from Montezuma to the Spanish emperor. It consisted of loads of finely-wrought cotton, ornamented with featherwork; and a miscellaneous collection of jewels

and articles of gold and silver, richly carved, of which the most attractive were two circular plates as large as carriage-wheels, one of gold, valued at more than fifty thousand pounds, and intended to represent the sun; the other of silver, and representing the moon. As they gazed on the kingly present, the Spaniards could scarcely contain their raptures. The message which accompanied it, however, was less satisfactory. Montezuma was happy to hear of the existence of his brother, the king of Spain, and wished him to consider him as his friend; he could not, however, come to see the Spaniards, and it was too far for them to come and visit him. He therefore hoped they would depart, and carry his respects to his brother, their monarch.

To this Cortes, thanking Montezuma for his present, replied that he could not leave the country without being able to say to his king that he had seen Montezuma with his own eyes; and the ambassadors again departed, carrying a sorry present from Cortes to Montezuma. After another interval of six days they returned, with another gift little inferior in value to the former, and informed Cortes that the great Montezuma had received his present with satisfaction, but that, as to the interview, he could not permit any more to be said on the subject. Cortes, though greatly mortified, thanked them politely, and returned to Montezuma a second message to the same effect as the former, but couched in more decided language. The Mexicans withdrew in distrust, and ceased to barter with the Spaniards, or to bring them supplies.

Meanwhile differences had been springing up among the Spaniards themselves, the partisans of Velasquez insisting that they ought now to return to Cuba, and that it was folly to think of founding a settlement. Pretending to yield to the clamours of these persons, Cortes issued orders for embarkation on the following day. Immediately the other party, consisting of the friends of Cortes, flocked to his tent, and implored him not to give up the enterprise which had been so successfully begun. This was precisely what Cortes wished. Accordingly, after some delay, he seemed to yield; and revoking the order for embarkation, he announced his willingness to found a settlement in the name of the Spanish sovereign. Forthwith the new city, although not a stone of it had yet been raised, and the site had alone been deter-

mined on, was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz—"The Rich Town of the True Cross." Magistrates were immediately appointed in the king's name; the two captains Puerto Carrero and Montejo, the latter a friend of Velasquez, being nominated *alcaldes*, and others to different offices. "Thus," says Mr. Prescott, "by a single stroke of the pen the camp was transformed into a civil community."

At the first sitting of the new magistracy, Cortes appeared before it, with his cap doffed, and formally resigned his commission from Velasquez into its hands. He then withdrew; but after a short time was recalled, and informed that he had been unanimously appointed by them, in the king's name, "Captain-General and Chief-Justice of the colony." Thus, by a clever stroke of policy, had Cortes shaken off all connexion with Velasquez. He held his command now directly from the king, and could be superseded only by royal authority. The friends of Velasquez were at first furious with rage; but Cortes at length soothed them into acquiescence.

A little before the conclusion of these proceedings, an event of some consequence happened. This was the arrival in the Spanish camp of five Indians, differing in dress and language from the Mexicans. They informed Cortes that they were a deputation sent by the caçique of Cempoalla, a city at a little distance on the sea-coast, the capital of the Totonacs, a nation which had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was now groaning under his yoke. They were sent by their caçique to beg a visit of the Spaniards to Cempoalla. A light instantly flashed upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that Montezuma's empire was not so firmly compacted as he had supposed, and that it might be possible to divide it against itself, and so overthrow it. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors kindly, and promised a speedy visit to Cempoalla.

Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance which had arisen among his men was quashed, Cortes marched to Cempoalla, a city not rich, but prettily built, and containing a population, as it appeared, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was cordially received by the caçique, a large and very corpulent man. Remaining some time in Cempoalla and its neighbourhood, while the city of Villa Rica was being built, the Spaniards soon gained the reverence and good-will of

the inhabitants, the Totonacs, who willingly submitted themselves to the dominion of the distant monarch Don Carlos, of whom the Spaniards told them. Here the Spaniards were horrified by the symptoms of human sacrifice, which were perpetually visible in the temples—the blood-stained walls, and the fragments of human flesh which lay about; and, fired with religious enthusiasm, they resolved to put a stop to such practices by tearing down the idols. Cortes informed the caçique of his intention; but although the announcement filled him with speechless dismay, no opposition was offered, and the idols were broken in pieces, and burnt before the eyes of the Totonacs, while the priests went about shrieking like demons. "These priests," we are told, "were dressed in long black mantles, like sheets with hoods: their robes reached to their feet. Their long hair was matted together with clotted blood; with some it reached to the waist, and with others to the feet: their ears were torn and cut, and they smelt horribly, as it were of sulphur and putrid flesh."

The destruction of their idols did not alienate the Totonacs from the Spaniards; on the contrary, it raised their opinion of them, inasmuch as they saw the gods patient under the indignity. The intercourse of the two parties, therefore, continued; and, by his frequent conversations with the caçique, Cortes gained greater insight every day into the condition of Montezuma's empire.

By this time the town of Villa Rica had been nearly finished, and nothing remained to prevent the Spaniards from commencing their march into the interior. Before beginning it, however, Cortes deemed it advisable to send a report of his proceedings to Spain, to be laid before the king, knowing that Velasquez must have represented his conduct in very disadvantageous terms to the home government. Accordingly, Cortes drew up one letter, and the magistrates of the new colony another, detailing the whole of the incidents of the expedition down to the foundation of Villa Rica, and announcing that they were on the point of commencing their march into the heart of the country. To increase the effect of the letters, they were accompanied by nearly all the gold that had been collected, together with the splendid gifts of Montezuma, and such curiosities as might interest the learned of Spain. The business of

carrying these letters to the king was intrusted to Montejo and Puerto Carrero, and they were instructed, above all, to endeavour to secure the appointment of Cortes as captain-general of the colony. On the 26th of July 1519, the little ship set sail, freighted with a more precious cargo than had ever yet been packed within the timbers of a vessel from the new world. The pilot was instructed to make direct for Spain, landing at no intermediate station, and especially avoiding Cuba.

The departure of this vessel seems to have raised thoughts of home in the minds of some of those who were left behind. A conspiracy was formed by some of the soldiers and sailors, along with the clergyman Diaz, to seize a vessel and return to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered; two of the ringleaders were hanged, and the rest whipped or confined. Foreseeing, however, that such conspiracies would be constantly occurring, unless effectual means were taken to prevent them, Cortes came to the resolution, almost unparalleled in the annals of heroism, of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he procured a report from the pilots that the vessels were not seaworthy, and caused them to be broken in pieces and sunk, before the majority were aware of his design. When the Spaniards thus saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, their first impulse was one of rage and despair, and Cortes had nearly fallen a sacrifice. As he foresaw, however, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Besides, by the destruction of the fleet, he obtained a reinforcement of a hundred and ten men—the mariners formerly employed in the ships being now converted into soldiers, and very good ones, as it afterwards proved.

All being now ready, Cortes, leaving a considerable force as a garrison to the new settlement of Villa Rica, under the command of Juan de Escalante, set out from the territory of the Totonacs, on his march inland, on the 16th of August 1519. His army consisted of four hundred Spaniards on foot and fifteen horse, accompanied by thirteen hundred Cempoallan [illegible] and a thousand *tamanes*, or Indian body slaves, furnished by the [illegible] of Cempoalla, who

were to carry the heavy burdens, and perform other laborious offices. Advancing through the tierra caliente, they began to ascend the mountains which separate it from the vast table-land of Anahuac. A few days' march across the tierra templada and the tierra fria, brought the Spaniards to the small mountain province of Tlascala, situated about half-way between the sea-coast and the Mexican valley. The Tlascalans were a brave and high-spirited people, of the same race as the Aztecs. They had refused, however, to submit to the empire of Montezuma, and were the only people in Anahuac who bade defiance to his power, preferring poverty and hardship in their mountain home to the loss of independence. The government of Tlascala was a kind of feudalism. Four lords or caçiques held their courts in different quarters of the same city, independently of each other, and yet mutually allied; and under these four chieftains the Tlascalan population, nobles and commons, was ranged as subjects. On the approach of the Spaniards, a consultation was held among the Tlascalan lords and their counsellors as to how the strangers should be received; some being inclined to welcome them, in hopes of being able, by their assistance, to cope with Montezuma; others maintaining that the Spaniards were enemies, who ought to be repulsed by all means. The latter opinion prevailed, and three desperate battles were fought between the Tlascalans, under the command of Xicotencatl, a brave and able young chief, the son of one of the four caçiques, and the Spanish invaders. These engagements were far more serious than the battles which the Spaniards had fought with the Tabascans; and it required the utmost exertion of Castilian valour, directed by all the ability of Cortes, to gain the victory. But Indian courage against the flower of European chivalry—the *maquahuitl*, or war-club, dreadful instrument as it was, with its sharp flinty blades, against muskets and artillery—coatings of war-paint, or doublets of featherwork, against Spanish mail—were a very unequal contest; and, as usual, the losses of the Spaniards were as nothing compared with the apparent fierceness of the struggle. But how could the little army hope to advance through a country where such battles had to be fought at every step? If such were their reception by the Tlascalans, [illegible] and more what might they not expect from [illegible] Such were the reflections of the powerful Mex[illegible]

Spanish soldiery. The idea of their ever reaching Mexico, says Bernal Diaz, was treated as a jest by the whole army. Fortunately, when these murmurs were reaching their height, the Tlascalans submitted, and sent ambassadors to beg the friendship of the Spaniards; and on the 23d of September 1519 the Spaniards entered the city of Tlascala, a large and populous town, which Cortes compared to Granada in Spain. Here they were cordially received by the four caçiques, and especially by the elder Xicotencatl; and in a short time an intimacy sprung up between the Tlascalans and the invaders, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Tlascalans bound themselves to assist the Spaniards throughout the rest of their expedition. Here, as elsewhere, Cortes showed his zeal for the Catholic faith by endeavouring to convert the natives; and it is probable that the same scenes of violence would have taken place at Tlascala as at Cempoalla, had not the judicious father Olmedo interfered to temper the more headlong fanaticism of the general.

While in Tlascala, Cortes received various embassies from provinces in the neighbourhood anxious to secure his goodwill. About the same time an embassy was received from Montezuma himself, intreating Cortes not to place any reliance upon the Tlascalans, whom he represented as treacherous barbarians; and now inviting him, in cordial terms, to visit his capital, pointing out the route through the city of Cholula as the most convenient. This route was accordingly adopted, and the Spaniards, accompanied by an army of six thousand Tlascalan warriors, advanced by it towards Mexico. Their approach gave great alarm, and Montezuma set on foot a scheme for their massacre at Cholula, which, however, was discovered by Cortes, who took a terrible vengeance on the sacred city. Montezuma, overawed, again made overtures of reconciliation, and promised the Spaniards an immense quantity of gold if they would [illegible] farther. This Cortes refused, and the army, with the Tlascalan warriors, left Cholula, and proceeded on their march, met everywhere by deputations from neighbouring towns, many of which were disaffected to the government of Montezuma. The route of the army lay between two gigantic volcanic mountains, and the march, for a day or two, was toilsome, and bitterly cold.

At last, "turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated their toils. It was that of the valley of Mexico; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.'"*

Descending into the valley, the Spaniards halted at Ajotzinco, a town on the banks of the southernmost of the five lakes. Meanwhile Montezuma was in an agony of indecision. When intelligence reached him that the Spaniards had actually descended into the valley, he saw that he must either face the strangers in the field of battle, or admit them into his capital. His brother, Cuitlahua, advised the former; but his nephew, Cacama, the young lord of Tezcuco, was of the contrary opinion, and Montezuma at length sent him to meet the Spaniards, and welcome them to his dominions. Cacama accordingly set out in state, and arrived at Ajotzinco just as the Spaniards were about to leave it. When he came into the presence of Cortes, he said to him, "Malintzin, here am I and these lords come to attend you to your residence in our city, by order of the great Montezuma." Cortes embraced the prince, and presented him with some jewels. After a little while Cacama took his leave, and the Spaniards resumed their march. Travelling along the southern and western banks of Lake Chalco, they crossed the causeway which divides it from Lake Xochichalco, and the margin of the latter to the royal city of Iztapalapan, on the banks of the great Tezcucan lake over against Mexico. To the eyes of the Spaniards, all that they saw in their journey seemed fairyland.

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 47.

ENTRY INTO MEXICO—RESIDENCE THERE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

It was on the 7th of November 1519 that the Spaniards arrived at Iztapalapan; and here they spent the night, lodged in magnificent palaces built of stone, and the timber of which was cedar. From this position the eye could sweep over the whole expanse of the Tezcucan lake. Canoes of all sizes might be seen skimming along its surface, either near the middle or close to the banks, where the thick woods came down to the water's edge. Here also, moving slowly along the margin of the lake, might be seen a still stranger sight—the *chinampas*, or floating-gardens—little islands consisting of earth laid on rafts, planted with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees, and containing a small hut or cottage in the centre, occupied by the proprietor, who, by means of a long pole, which he pushed against the bottom, could shift his little domain from place to place. But what fixed the eyes of the Spaniards above all else was the glittering spectacle which rose from the centre of the lake—the queenly city of Mexico, the goal of their hopes and wishes for many months past. In a few hours they would be within its precincts—a few hundred men shut up in the very heart of the great Mexican empire! What might be their fate there!

The islet on which Mexico was built was connected with the mainland by three distinct causeways of stone, constructed with incredible labour and skill across the lake, and intersected at intervals by drawbridges, through which canoes might pass and repass with ease. The causeway by which the Spaniards must pass connected the island with the southern bank of the lake, about half way across to which it branched off into two lines, one leading to the city of Cojohuacan, the other meeting the mainland at a point not far from Iztapalapan, where the Spaniards were quartered. This causeway was about eight yards wide, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve horsemen riding abreast. It was divided, as before-mentioned, by several drawbridges; a circumstance which the Spaniards observed wi[illegible] small their fear they saw that, by means of these drawbridges, cut off by the Mex[illegible] with the mainland could be complet[illegible]

On the morning of the 8th of Nov[illegible] the army

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left Iztapalapan, and advanced along the causeway towards the capital. First went Cortes, with his small body of horse; next came the Spanish foot, amounting to not more than four hundred men; after them came the Indian *tamanes*, carrying the baggage; and last of all came the Tlascalan warriors, to the number of about five thousand. As they moved along the causeway, the inhabitants of the city crowded in myriads to gaze at them, some finding standing-room on the causeway itself, others skimming along the lake in canoes, and clambering up the sides of the causeway. A little more than half way across, and at a distance of a mile and a half from the city, the branch of the causeway on which the Spaniards were marching was joined by the other branch; and here the causeway widened for a small space, and a fort or gateway was erected, called the Fort of Xoloc. On arriving at the gateway, the army was met by a long procession of Aztec nobles, richly clad, who came to announce the approach of the emperor himself to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. Accordingly, when the remainder of the causeway had been almost traversed, and the van of the army was near the threshold of the city, a train was seen advancing along the great avenue. "Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, the Spaniards saw the royal palanquin of Montezuma, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy featherwork, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, and was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted; and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan—the one his nephew, the other his brother. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil [illegible] subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the [illegible] prostrated themselves before him."*

* [illegible] Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 67.

Cortes and the Mexican emperor now stood before each other. When Cortes was told that the great Montezuma approached, he dismounted from his horse, and advanced towards him with much respect. Montezuma bade him welcome, and Cortes replied with a suitable compliment. After some ceremonies, and the exchange of presents, Montezuma and his courtiers withdrew, the Spaniards following. Advancing into the city, wondering at all they saw—the long streets, the houses which, in the line along which they passed, belonged mostly to the noble and wealthy Mexicans, built of red stone, and surmounted with parapets or battlements; the canals which here and there intersected the streets, crossed by bridges; and the large open squares which occurred at intervals—the Spaniards were conducted to their quarters, situated in an immense square in the centre of the city, adjoining the temple of the great Mexican war-god. Montezuma was waiting to receive them; and the Spaniards were surprised and delighted with the princely generosity with which he supplied their wants.

Next day Cortes paid a visit to Montezuma in his palace, attended by some of his principal officers. In the conversation which ensued, Cortes broached the topic of religion, and informed Montezuma "that we were all brothers, the children of Adam and Eve, and that as such, our emperor, lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by the Mexican idols into everlasting flames, had sent us to apply a remedy thereto by putting an end to the worship of these false gods." These remarks seemed to displease Montezuma, who, however, made a polite reply.

Day after day the intercourse between Cortes and Montezuma was renewed; the Spanish soldiers also became gradually familiar with the Mexicans. Bernal Diaz, the old soldier of Cortes, to whom we are indebted for the most minute and interesting account of the Conquest, thus describes Montezuma and his household. "The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well-proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin, and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance, and good eyes; gravity and good-humour were blended together when he spoke. He was

very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives. He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three inclinations of the body as they approached him. In addressing him, they said, 'Lord; my lord; great lord.' His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meat, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep it always hot. For the table of Montezuma himself above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. It is said that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted; and, that they might not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands. Then two other women brought small cakes of bread; and when the king began to eat, a large screen of wood gilt was placed before him, so that people should not, during that time, see him. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little; but from time to time a liquor, prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. At different intervals during the time of dinner there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery; and others who, they said, were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes

with eggs, and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white; and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call *tobacco;* and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded."

After describing other parts of Montezuma's household, including a great aviary or collection of birds, and a menagerie, the chronicler gives us an account of Cortes's first tour through the city, accompanied by Montezuma. They first visited the great bazaar or market, held in the western part of the city. "When we arrived there, we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise which those who attended us were assiduous in pointing out. Each kind had its particular place of sale, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins, dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibres of nequen, and great numbers of male and female slaves, some of whom were fastened by the neck in collars to long poles. The meat market was stocked with fowls, game, and dogs. Vegetables, fruits, articles of food ready dressed, salt, bread, honey, and sweet pastry made in various ways, were also sold here. Other places in the square were appropriated to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper, sweet canes filled with tobacco, mixed with liquid amber, copper axes and working-tools, and wooden vessels highly painted. Numbers of women sold fish, and little loaves made of a certain mud which they find in the lake, and which resembles cheese. The makers of stone-blades were busily employed shaping them out of the rough material; and the merchants who dealt in gold had the metal in grains, as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned; and the gold was valued at so many mantles, or so many xiquipils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills. The entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which great quantities of grain

were stored, and where were also shops for various kinds of goods. Courts of justice, where three judges sat to settle disputes which might arise in the market, occupied a part of the square, their under-officers, or policemen, being in the market inspecting the merchandise."

Proceeding from the market-place through various parts of the city, the Spaniards came to the great *teocalli*, or temple, in the neighbourhood of their own quarters. It was a huge pyramidal structure, consisting of five storeys, narrowing above each other like the tubes of an extended spy-glass (only square in shape), so as to leave a clear pathway round the margin of each storey. The ascent was by means of a stone stair, of a hundred and fourteen steps. Arrived at the summit, Cortes and his companions found it to be a large flat area, laid with stone; at one end of which they shuddered as they saw a block of jasper, which they were told was the stone on which the human victims were laid when the priests tore out their hearts to offer to their idols: at the other end was a tower of three storeys, in which were the images of the two great Mexican deities Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, and a variety of articles pertaining to their worship. "From the top of the temple," says Bernal Diaz, "we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of the neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." At the request of Cortes, Montezuma, though with apparent reluctance, led the Spaniards into the sanctuary or tower where the gods were. "Here," says Diaz, "were two altars, highly adorned with richly-wrought timbers on the roof, and over the altars gigantic figures resembling very fat men. The one on the right was their war-god, with a great face and terrible eyes. This figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle

of arrows. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity, as to cause a very offensive smell. On the left was the other great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes of the polished substance whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. An offering lay before him of five human hearts. In this place was a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents: this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions."

This state of things could not last. Cortes, of course, had no intention of leaving Mexico, now that he had made good his quarters in it; but as it was not to be expected that Montezuma and his subjects would continue their friendly intercourse with him if they supposed that he purposed to remain, he saw the necessity of taking some decided step to secure himself and his men against any outbreak which might occur. The step which he resolved upon in his own mind was the seizure of Montezuma. By having him in their power, he would be able, he imagined, to maintain a control over the whole population of the city—amounting, it is believed, to nearly three hundred thousand. Nor was a pretext wanting to give an appearance of justice to the daring act which they contemplated. Cortes had just received intelligence that a battle had been fought between the garrison which he had left at Villa Rica, and a body of Mexicans under the command of the Mexican governor of a province adjacent to the Spanish settlement. Although Cortes cared little for this occurrence, he resolved to avail himself of it for his purpose; so, after a night spent in prayer for the blessing of God on what he was about to do, he proceeded with five of his officers and the two interpreters, Donna Marina and Aguilar, to Montezuma's palace. The monarch, as usual, received him kindly; but when Cortes, after upbraiding him with being the cause of the attack made on the Spanish garrison of Villa Rica, as well as with the attempt

made by the Cholulans to arrest his own progress towards Mexico, informed him that he had come to make him prisoner, he could no longer contain himself, but gave full vent to his rage and astonishment. But the rage of an Indian prince was impotent against the stern resolution of the European general; and as the helpless monarch gazed on the unyielding countenances of his visitors, whose fingers were playing with the hilts of their swords, his anger changed into terror: he was seized with a fit of trembling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. Without any resistance, he was removed in his royal litter to the Spanish quarters, giving it out to his nobles and subjects that he went voluntarily, on a visit to Cortes, and desiring them to remain quiet.

Another degradation awaited the unhappy monarch. He was obliged to surrender the governor and three other chiefs, who had led the attack on the garrison of Villa Rica; and these were burned alive, by the orders of Cortes, in front of Montezuma's palace, the emperor himself being kept in irons while the execution was going on.

All this took place within ten days of the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico; and for three or four months Montezuma continued a prisoner in the Spanish quarters. Here he was attended with the most profound respect, Cortes himself never approaching him without taking off his cap, and punishing severely every attempt on the part of any of his soldiers to insult the royal captive. Such instances, however, were very rare; for the kindly demeanour of Montezuma, his gentleness under his misfortunes, and, above all, his liberality to those about him, won the hearts of the Spaniards, and made him a general favourite. Nor did Montezuma make any attempt to regain his liberty. Attended by his officers as usual, he received deputations, and transacted business; amused himself by various Mexican games, and appeared to delight in the society of some of the Spaniards, for whom he had contracted a particular partiality.

The Spanish general was now absolute in Anahuac; Montezuma acted under his instrnctions; and officers were sent out in different directions to survey the country, and ascertain the situation and extent of the gold and silver mines, as if all belonged to the king of Spain. Nor was

the formal cession of the kingdom by Montezuma long delayed. Assembling all his nobles at the instigation of Cortes, the Indian monarch addressed them, desiring them to concur with him in surrendering their empire to the Spaniards, who were to come from the rising sun. "'For eighteen years,' he said, 'that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, and you have been faithful subjects to me; indulge me, then, with this last act of obedience.' The princes, with many sighs and tears, promised Montezuma, who was still more affected, that they would do whatever he desired. He then sent a message to Cortes, telling him that, on the ensuing day, he and his princes would tender their allegiance to his majesty, our emperor. This they accordingly did at the time appointed, in the presence of all our officers and many of our soldiers, not one of whom could refrain from weeping on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma."

Montezuma accompanied the surrender of his kingdom with the gift of an immense treasure, which he had concealed in an apartment within their quarters, desiring it to be sent to Spain, as tribute-money to King Charles from his vassal Montezuma. The sight of this treasure roused the avaricious passions of the Spanish soldiers, and they clamoured for a division of the wealth which had been collected since their entrance into Mexico. Cortes was obliged to yield to their demand. The whole wealth amassed during their residence in Mexico amounted, according to Mr. Prescott's calculation, to about one million four hundred thousand pounds of our money, including not only the gold cast into ingots, but also the various articles of jewellery, which were of too fine workmanship to be melted down. The mode of division was this:—First, his majesty's fifth was set aside; next, a fifth of the remainder was set aside for Cortes; after that, all the debts of the expedition were to be discharged, including the amount vested in the expedition by Velasquez, the payment of agents in Spain, &c.; then the losses incurred in the expedition were to be made good, including the expense of the ships sunk off Villa Rica, the price of the horses killed, &c.; and lastly, certain individuals in the army, as the clergymen and the captains, were to receive

larger allowances than the rest. "By the time all these drafts were made," says Bernal Diaz, "what remained for each soldier was hardly worth stooping for;" in other words, instead of amounting to two or three thousand pounds, as they had expected, each soldier's share came only to about three hundred pounds. Many refused to take their shares, complaining of injustice in the division, and it required all the skill and management of Cortes to soothe the spirits of the discontented. Not a few, it appeared in the end, were no richer for all the prize money they had obtained than when they left Cuba; for, as Bernal Diaz tells us, "deep gaming went on day and night with cards made out of the heads of drums."

Only one source of discomfort now remained to Cortes. This was the continuance of the idolatrous worship of the Mexicans. This subject occupied his thoughts incessantly; and he could not persuade himself that his efforts would be meritorious in the eyes of God, or even that he could hope for permanent success, until the false gods of the Mexicans had been shattered in pieces, and their temples converted into Christian sanctuaries. Not only as a devout Catholic did he abominate the existence of a false worship in a country over which he had control, but, as a man, as a native of a civilised country, he shrunk in abhorrence from the bloody and sickening rites which formed part of the religion of the Mexicans—their human sacrifices—accompanied strangely enough, among a people so polished and so advanced in ingenious arts, by the practice of cannibalism. At length Cortes announced to Montezuma that he must allow at least a part of the great temple to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Montezuma had been a priest, and the proposal was perhaps the most shocking that could have been made to him. He gave his consent, however, and one of the sanctuaries on the top of the temple was purified, and an altar and a crucifix erected in it.

This last act filled up the measure of Mexican endurance. To see their monarch a prisoner, to surrender their kingdom and its treasures—these they could submit to; but could they sit tamely under an insult offered to their gods? Hither and thither through the city ran the priests, with haggard faces, and hair clotted with blood, stirring up the

zeal of the inhabitants, and denouncing woes unless the Spaniards were expelled. The crisis was imminent, and every possible precaution was used to prevent a sudden surprise by the excited Mexicans.

It was now the month of May 1520, and the Spaniards had been six months in the Mexican capital. Suddenly the little army was thrown into consternation by intelligence of an unexpected kind received by Cortes.

ARRIVAL OF A NEW SPANISH ARMY—DIFFICULTIES OF CORTES—HIS TRIUMPH.

It will be remembered that, before advancing into the interior of the country, Cortes had despatched a vessel to Spain with letters to the emperor, Charles V., and a quantity of treasure. Contrary to the instructions of Cortes, the vessel touched at Cuba on its voyage; and a sailor escaping, conveyed to Velasquez an account of all that had taken place in the expedition, down to the foundation of Villa Rica. The rage of Velasquez exceeded all bounds. He wrote letters to the home government, and also to the court for colonial affairs established in Hispaniola; and not content with this, he instantly began to fit out a second expedition, which was to proceed to Mexico, depose or decapitate Cortes, and seize the country for the Spanish sovereign in the name of the governor of Cuba. The fleet was larger, with one exception, than any yet fitted out for the navigation of the seas of the new world. It consisted of nineteen vessels, carrying upwards of a thousand foot soldiers, twenty cannons, eighty horsemen, a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bowmen, besides a thousand Indian servants—a force sufficient, as it seemed, to render all resistance on the part of Cortes hopeless. Velasquez at first intended to command the expedition in person; but, as he was too old and too unwieldy for such a laborious task, he intrusted it to Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, described as a man "about forty-two years of age, of tall stature, and large limbs, a full face, red beard, and agreeable presence; very sonorous and lofty in his speech, as if the sound came out of a vault; a good horseman, and said to be valiant."

The fleet anchored off the coast of Mexico, at St. Juan de Ulua, on the 23d of April 1520. Here Narvaez received

information which astonished him—that Cortes was master of the Mexican capital; that the Mexican emperor was his prisoner; that the country and its treasures had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereign; and that at present his rival was as absolute in it as if he were its monarch. This information only increased his anxiety to come to a collision with Cortes; and, with singular imprudence, he went about among the Indians, declaring, in a blustering manner, that Cortes was a rebel against his sovereign, and that he had come to chastise him, and to set Montezuma free.

Narvaez's first step was to send three messengers, one of them a priest, to the garrison of Villa Rica, to summon them to surrender. The commandant of the garrison, appointed shortly after the death of Juan de Escalante, was Gonsalvo de Sandoval, a young officer, a native of the same town as Cortes, and who had already won the esteem of his general and of the whole army by his valour and services. When the messengers of Narvaez, arriving at Villa Rica, presented a copy of Narvaez's commission, and summoned the garrison to surrender, Sandoval, without any ceremony, caused them to be seized, strapped to the backs of Indian porters, and instantly sent across the country to Mexico in charge of one or two soldiers, who carried a note to Cortes, informing him of what had happened. Cortes, after thoroughly gaining them over by kind words and presents, sent them back to sow the seeds of dissension in Narvaez's army. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Narvaez, which led to no definite result. As there was great danger that Narvaez would succeed in alienating the Cempoallans from Cortes, if he were permitted to remain in his present position, Cortes resolved to leave Mexico with a part of his men, march to the sea-coast, and, if necessary, give battle to Narvaez. This was a perilous step; but, in the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary.

Leaving a garrison of a hundred and forty men in Mexico, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado, who appeared by far the fittest person for so responsible a post, Cortes set out with the rest of his force, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers, only five of whom were cavalry, and by rapid marches reached the Totonac territories, where

he was reinforced by Sandoval and his small body of men. Altogether, Cortes's army did not amount to more than a fifth part of that of Narvaez. They were veterans in service, however, and, under such a leader as Cortes, were prepared to attempt impossibilities. Narvaez, in the meantime, was in close quarters at Cempoalla, aware that his rival was on his march, but little suspecting that he was so near. On the night of the 26th of May 1520, Cortes and his brave little band, crossing with difficulty a swollen river which lay between them and their countrymen, advanced stealthily towards Narvaez's quarters, surprised the sentinels, and shouting the watchword, "Espiritu Santo!" dashed in among the half-awakened, half-armed foe. The struggle did not last long; for Sandoval, with a small body of picked men, springing up the stairs of the house where Narvaez was lodged, succeeded, after a hand to hand fight with the general and his followers, in making him prisoner, after he had lost an eye, and been otherwise severely wounded. On learning the fall of their leader, the rest yielded; and when daylight came, Cortes, "seated in an arm-chair, with a mantle of an orange colour thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers," received the salutations and the oaths of allegiance of all the followers of Narvaez. In his treatment of these new friends his usual policy was conspicuous: he plied them with flatteries, and loaded them with gifts, till his own veterans began to be envious. Thus, by a single bold stroke, which cost him but a few men, Cortes had crushed a formidable enemy, and increased his own force sixfold. Fortune favours the brave! His army now amounted to thirteen hundred men, exclusive of the garrison he had left in Mexico; and of these thirteen hundred nearly a hundred were cavalry. With such a force, he might now prosecute his designs in Mexico with every prospect of success, and bid defiance to all the efforts of the Mexicans to regain their independence.

He was disagreeably roused from these self-congratulations by intelligence from Mexico. Some difference had occurred between Pedro de Alvarado and the Mexicans, in consequence of which the latter had risen *en masse*, and were besieging the Spaniards in their quarters. Without loss of time he commenced his march towards the capital,

leaving a hundred men at Villa Rica. At Tlascala he was joined by two thousand of his faithful mountain allies; and the whole army then pushed on for the Mexican valley, anxious to relieve Alvarado, whom the Mexicans were now trying to reduce by blockade. On the 24th of June they reached the great lake, and marched along the causeway without opposition, but amidst an ominous stillness. Alvarado clasped his general in his arms for joy; and now for the first time Cortes learned the origin of the revolt. Alvarado, suspecting some conspiracy among the Aztec nobles, had treacherously massacred a number of them collected at a religious festival, and the inhabitants had risen to take vengeance for the injury. Cortes sharply rebuked his officer for his misconduct; but the evil was already done, and to punish Alvarado would have been attended with no good effect. Moodily and bitterly, therefore, Cortes expended his vexation on the unhappy Mexican monarch, accusing him of being concerned in the insurrection, and calling upon him to check it, and procure provisions for the Spaniards. Montezuma complied as far as lay in his power: Cortes also used his best endeavours to allay the storm; and for a while it appeared as if their efforts were successful.

INSURRECTION OF THE MEXICANS—EXPULSION OF THE SPANIARDS.

The calm was only temporary. The day after the arrival of Cortes, a soldier, who had been sent on an errand by Cortes, returned breathless and bloody to the Spanish quarters. He had been fallen upon by a multitude of Mexicans, who endeavoured to drag him away in their canoes for sacrifice, and he had only escaped after a desperate struggle. The whole city, he said, was in arms; the drawbridges were broken down; and they would soon attack the Spaniards in their stronghold.

The news was too true. The Aztecs poured along the streets like a flood, approaching the square where the Spaniards were lodged, while the terraced roofs of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with slingers and archers, ready to shower their missiles upon the besieged. And now commenced a struggle which lasted seven days, and to which there is no parallel in history. Day after

day the fighting was renewed, the Spaniards either making a sally upon the besiegers, or beating them back when they advanced to storm or set fire to their quarters. The only relaxation was at night, when the Mexicans generally drew off. The Spaniards were always victorious; but their losses were considerable in every action, and the perseverance of the Mexicans alarmed them. Instead of yielding to their first defeats, they seemed to act on the conviction that they must be defeated continually until the Spaniards were all slain. This resolution astonished Cortes, who till now had undervalued the courage of the Aztecs. His soldiers, especially those who had come into the country with Narvaez, heaped reproaches upon him; although, when they saw his conduct in the fray—the bravery with which he would spur his horse into the thickest of the enemy, the generosity with which he would risk his own life to rescue a comrade from the hands of a crowd of Aztecs—their reproaches were lost in admiration.

Wearied out by his incessant efforts, and perceiving the hopelessness of continuing a contest against so many myriads of enemies—for recruits were flocking in from the neighbouring country to assist the Mexicans against the common foe—Cortes resolved to try the effects of negotiation, and to employ Montezuma as his intercessor. At his request, therefore, Montezuma, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared on a terraced roof, where he was visible to the multitude gathered in the great square. A silence ensued, and Montezuma was parleying with four nobles who approached him, when suddenly a shower of stones and arrows fell on the spot where he was standing. The Spanish soldiers tried to interpose their bucklers; but it was too late; Montezuma fell to the ground, his head bleeding from the effects of a blow with a stone. He was immediately removed, and every means used for his recovery; nor was the wound of itself dangerous. But his kingly spirit had received a wound which no words could heal; he had been reviled and struck by his own subjects, among whom hitherto he had walked as a sacred being: he refused to live any longer. He tore the bandages from his head, and rejected all nourishment; and in a short time the Spaniards were informed that their unhappy prisoner was dead. Cortes and many of the men could not

refrain from weeping; and the body was surrendered to the Mexicans with every testimony of respect.

The fighting was now recommenced with greater fury, and prodigies of valour were performed by the Spaniards; but all to no purpose. Another attempt was made to induce the enemy to come to terms. The only answer was the threat that they would all be sacrificed to the gods, and the appalling information, "You cannot escape; the bridges are broken down." At last, as death was before their eyes, it was determined by Cortes, and all the officers and soldiers, to quit the city during the night, as they [illegible] at that time to find the enemy less alert.

Towards midnight, on the 1st of July 1520, they left their quarters secretly, most of the soldiers loading themselves with the gold which remained over and above the royal share, and proceeded as silently as possible towards the western causeway leading to Tlacopan, by which, as being the shortest of the three (two miles long), they thought it would be easiest to effect a passage. In this causeway there were three drawbridges, separated by intervals nearly equal; and aware that these had been destroyed by the Mexicans, Cortes had provided a portable bridge, made of timber, the carriage of which he intrusted to forty picked soldiers. The van of the army was led by Sandoval, with two hundred foot and a body of horse under his command; the baggage, large guns, and prisoners came next, guarded by Cortes and a band of veterans; and the rear was brought up by Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon, commanding the strength of the infantry.

The night was dark and rainy. The Spaniards reached the causeway without being interrupted. The portable bridge was laid across the first moat or gap, and a great part of the army had gone over it in safety, and were already approaching the second gap, when, through the stillness of the night, there was heard the boom of the great drum from the top of the Mexican war temple, the rushing of myriads of pursuers along the causeway from behind, and the splashing of the oars of thousands of canoes full of warriors, which were advancing through the lake on both sides of the causeway. Showers of arrows fell on the rearguard as they were passing over the portable bridge; and the Aztecs, clambering up the sides of

the causeway, grappled with the soldiers, and tried to drag them into the water. Throwing off these assailants by main strength, Alvarado and his men steadily and expeditiously moved on. Meanwhile the vanguard under Sandoval having reached the second gap, were waiting until the portable bridge should be brought up to enable them to pass it. Goaded with the arrows which were discharged upon them in clouds from the Aztec canoes, they grew impatient of the delay, and began to cast anxious glances backward along the causeway for the appearance of the bridge. Suddenly the appalling news was passed along that the bridge had stuck so fast at the first opening that it could not be pulled up; the weight of the men and heavy baggage crossing it had fastened it into the earth so firmly as to defy extrication. When this awful intelligence reached the vanguard, order and command were at an end; uproar and confusion ensued; and, seized with the instinct of self-preservation, each man tried to shift for himself. Flinging themselves headlong into the gap, they struggled with the Mexican warriors in the water, upsetting their canoes in their drowning agonies. Rank after rank followed, each trampling upon the bodies of its predecessors, and floundering among the canoes which lay between them and the opposite side. Sandoval and a few of the cavalry swam their horses across; some of the foot also were able to reach the side of the causeway and climb up; but of the vanguard, the great majority were drowned, or slain, or carried off wounded in the Mexican canoes. Meanwhile on came the rest of the army; men, carriages, guns, baggage, all were swept into the wreck. Over the trench, which was soon choked up by the wreck. Over this bridge of broken wagons, bales of cotton, and the dead bodies of their companions and enemies, Cortes and his veterans were able to reach the other side of the trench with less difficulty. Here, joining Sandoval and the few survivors of his band, they dashed along the causeway towards the third and last opening, regardless of the darts and arrows which the Mexicans discharged among them from their canoes. Reaching the third trench, they crossed it in the same manner as the last, but without so much loss, and were rapidly approaching the mainland, when, looking back through the dim morning twilight, they saw Alvarado and his rearguard

pent up on the causeway between the second and third bridges, and almost overborne by the Mexicans who surrounded them. Cortes, Sandoval, and a few of the horse instantly wheeled round to the rescue; and, recrossing the third gap, shouted their battle-cry, and interposed between the Spaniards and their pursuers. This timely succour enabled most of the infantry to cross; and at length all had crossed the opening except Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and a few others. Cortes, Sandoval, and the rest soon followed, carried through by their horses, and only one man remained on the Mexican extremity of the causeway. It was Pedro de Alvarado: his horse was slain, and he was standing on the brink, surrounded by enemies ready to drag him off, should he plunge into the trench. Five or six warriors were already advancing from behind to seize him, when, casting one glance at the opposite edge where his countrymen were waiting him, he planted the end of his long lance among the rubbish which choked up the gap, and, rising in the air, cleared it at a bound. The spot where this tremendous feat was executed still bears the name of *Alvarado's Leap*.

The Mexicans now desisted from the pursuit; and the relics of the Spanish army, advancing along the remainder of the causeway, entered Tlacopan. Here they did not remain long, being anxious to place themselves beyond the reach of the Mexicans, and to arrive at Tlascala, the city of their faithful allies. They were now able to count the losses which they had sustained during the night. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, and nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or made prisoners during the passage along the causeway; a loss which, added to the numbers killed in the battles within the city, reduced the army to little more than a fourth of what it had been when it entered Mexico ten days before. But the most deplorable part of the calamity, in the eyes of Cortes, was the loss of all the artillery, firearms, and ammunition, not so much as a musket remaining among the five hundred who survived. Still, under this accumulation of misfortunes, his heart did not sink; and his resolution was taken not to leave the country till he had regained his former footing in it, and annexed it as a province to the dominions of his sovereign.

His first object was to reach Tlascala, where he might recruit the strength of his men—almost all of whom were stiff with wounds—and arrange his future proceedings. After many difficulties, and another great battle, in which he defeated the Mexicans, he reached it on the 9th of July 1520. They were kindly received by the generous mountaineers, who withstood all the solicitations of the Mexican sovereign, Cuitlahua, Montezuma's brother and successor, that they would assist him in driving the Spaniards out of the country.

It was early in autumn before Cortes left Tlascala. His intention was first to punish several states of Anahuac which had revolted during his absence in Mexico, especially the districts of Tepeaca and Cachula; and then, after having reduced the whole country east of the Mexican valley, to return to the capital itself, and take it by storm. With a force so reduced as his, without cannons or other firearms, this was an apparently hopeless enterprise; but *hopeless* was a word of which Cortes did not know the meaning. Fortunately, while engaged in subduing the eastern districts of Anahuac, he received reinforcements which he never anticipated. Velasquez, ignorant of the fate of the expedition which he had sent under Narvaez, and supposing that Cortes was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his rival, had despatched a ship with stores, arms, and ammunition to the colony of Villa Rica. The vessel touched at the port; the captain and his men disembarked, suspecting nothing, and were instantly seized by the officer of Cortes; nor did it require much persuasion to induce the whole crew to enlist under the standard of a man of whom they had heard so many eulogies. A second vessel sent by Velasquez soon afterwards shared the same fate; three ships sent by the governor of Jamaica to prosecute discoveries, and plant colonies in central America, chancing also to land at Villa Rica, their crews joined the army of Cortes; and lastly, a merchant vessel, loaded with provisions and all the necessaries of war, arrived at the Mexican coast, and was purchased by Cortes—sailors, cargo, and all.

Having completely subjugated all Anahuac to the east of the Mexican valley, Cortes resolved to found a second Spanish colony in the interior of the country, which

should form a half-way station between Villa Rica and the city of Mexico. The site chosen was Tepeaca, and the name given to the settlement was Segura de la Frontera. From this spot Cortes wrote a second letter to Charles V., giving an account of the expedition from the date of the last letter down to the foundation of Segura, and announcing his intention of marching immediately to reconquer Mexico.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

It was five months after the date of their expulsion from Mexico before the Spaniards were in a condition once more to march against it. Part of the necessary preparations consisted, as we have seen, in the subjugation of those parts of Anahuac which adjoined the Mexican valley on the east; but another cause of delay was the construction of thirteen brigantines at Tlascala, under the direction of Martin Lopez, a skilful shipwright, who had accompanied Cortes. These vessels were to be taken to pieces, and transported, together with the iron-work and cordage belonging to the ships which Cortes had destroyed off Villa Rica, across the mountains to the great Mexican lake. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December 1520 the whole army left Tlascala on its march towards Mexico. It consisted of about six hundred Spaniards, with nine cannons, and forty horses, accompanied by an immense multitude of native warriors, Tlascalans, Tepeacans, and Cholulans, amounting probably to sixteen thousand men, besides the *tamanes*, who were employed in transporting the brigantines. Garrisons had of course been left at Villa Rica and Segura.

No opposition was offered to the invaders on their march, the Mexicans fleeing at their approach; and on the 1st of January 1521 they took possession of the city of Tezcuco. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor on the throne, was now dead, and his place was occupied by his nephew, Guatemozin, yet a young man, but the most heroic and patriotic of all the Mexicans. The policy of Cortes was first to subdue all the states and cities on the margin of the five lakes, so as to leave Mexico without protection or assistance, and then to direct his whole force to the final reduction of the capital. For four months, therefore, Cortes, Sandoval,

Alvarado, and his other officers were employed, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert, in reconnoitring expeditions into various parts of the Mexican valley—from Chalco, on the banks of the southernmost, to Xaltocan, an island in the northernmost lake. Scarcely a day of these four months was passed in idleness; and it would require far more space than we can afford to do justice to all the engagements in which the Spaniards were victorious, or to all the feats of personal valour performed by Cortes, Alvarado, Olid, Sandoval, and other brave cavaliers. Passing over these, as well as the account of a conspiracy among his men, which the prudence and presence of mind of Cortes enabled him to quash, and of the execution of the Tlascalan chief, Xicotencatl, for deserting the Spaniards, we hasten to the concluding scene.

On the 10th of May 1521 the siege commenced. Alvarado, with a hundred and fifty Spanish infantry, thirty cavalry, and eight thousand Tlascalans, took up his station at Tlacopan, so as to command the western causeway; Christoval de Olid, with the same number of cavalry and Indians, and a hundred and seventy-five infantry, commanded one of the branches of the southern causeway at Cojohuacan; and Sandoval, with a force nearly equal, the other branch of the same causeway at Iztapalapan. Cortes himself took the command of the flotilla of brigantines. For several days the three captains conducted operations more or less successfully at their respective stations, one of Alvarado's services having consisted in destroying the pipes which supplied the Mexicans with fresh water, so that, during the rest of the siege, they had no other way of procuring a supply than by means of canoes. The brigantines, when they were launched, did immense service in overturning and dispersing the Mexican canoes, and also in protecting the flanks of the causeways on which the other detachments were pursuing their operations. At length, after much resistance on the part of the Mexicans, the two causeways, the western and the southern, were completely occupied by the Spaniards; and Sandoval having, by Cortes's orders, made a circuit of the lake, and seized the remaining causeway of Tepejacac, the city was in a state of blockade. But so impatient were the Spaniards of delay, that Cortes resolved on a general assault

on the city by all the three causeways at once. Cortes was to advance into the city from Xoloc, Alvarado from his camp on the western causeway, and Sandoval from his camp on the northern, and the three detachments, uniting in the great square in the centre of the city, were to put the inhabitants to the sword. The plan had nearly succeeded. The vanguard of Cortes's party had chased the retreating Mexicans into the city, and were pushing their way to the great square, when the horn of Guatemozin was heard to sound, and the Aztecs rallying, commenced a furious onset. The neglect of Cortes to fill up a trench in one of the causeways impeded the retreat of the Spaniards in such a way as to cause a dreadful confusion, and it was only by efforts almost superhuman that they were able to regain their quarters. Their loss amounted to upwards of a hundred men, of whom about sixty had been taken alive.

This triumph elated the Mexicans as much as it depressed the Spaniards and their allies. It was prophesied by the Mexican priests that in eight days all the Spaniards should be slain; the gods, they said, had decreed it. This prediction, reported in the quarters of the besiegers, produced an extraordinary effect on the allies. They regarded the Spaniards as doomed men, refused to fight with them, and withdrew to a little distance from the lake. In this dilemma Cortes showed his wonderful presence of mind, by ordering a total cessation of hostilities for the period specified by the Mexican gods. When the eight days were passed, the allies, ashamed of their weakness, returned to the Spanish quarters, and the siege recommenced. These eight days, however, had not been without their horrors. From their quarters the Spaniards could perceive their fellow-countrymen who had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans dragged to the top of the great war temple, compelled to dance round the sanctuary of the gods, then laid on the stone of sacrifice, their hearts torn out, and their bleeding bodies flung down into the square beneath.

Famine now assisted the arms of the Spaniards; still, with that bravery of endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mexicans continued the defence of the city, and it was not till it had been eaten into, as it were, on all

sides by the Spaniards, that they ceased to fight. On the 14th of August a murderous assault was commenced by the besiegers. It lasted two days; and on the evening of the second some canoes were seen to leave the city, and endeavour to reach the mainland. They were chased, and captured; and on board of one of them was found Guatemozin, with his family and his principal nobles. Guatemozin's capture was the signal of complete defeat; and on the 16th of August 1521 the city was surrendered to the Spaniards. The population was reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days all these had disappeared, no one knew whither. The city was in ruins, like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about.

CONCLUSION.

Thus was the ancient and beautiful city of Mexico destroyed, and its inhabitants slain or dispersed. A monstrous act of unjustifiable aggression had been completed. Following up this great blow, Cortes pursued the conquest of the country generally; and in this, as well as in organising it into a colony of Spain, he did not experience any serious difficulty. On proceeding to Spain, he was received with honour by Charles V. He returned to Mexico in 1530; and again revisiting Spain in 1540, for the purpose of procuring the redress of real or alleged grievances, he died in 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is very much to be lamented that, in the execution of his purposes of colonisation, the monuments of Mexican civilisation were everywhere destroyed, leaving nothing to future generations but the broken relics of palaces, temples, and other objects of art, scattered amidst the wilderness. Some of these ruined monuments, recently explored by Stephens and other travellers, show that the ancient Mexicans had made remarkable advances in social life as well as in the arts, more particularly architecture; and what renders all such relics the more interesting to the archæologist, is the growing conviction, that the old Mexican civilisation was of an original type—a thing noway derived from, or connected with, the civilisation of Egypt, or any other nation in the eastern hemisphere.

It is consolatory to know that the Spaniards have not

succeeded in making Mexico a perpetual tributary of their rapacious monarchy. The cruelties they committed seem to have contained in themselves the elements of retribution. After a career of indolence, oppression, and bigotry, extending to comparatively recent times, their yoke has been thrown off; and their feeble and ignorant successors may be said to be in the course of coming under the thraldom of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. It is difficult to compassionate the fate which appears to await the slothful and proud race whose ancestors laid the ancient empire of Mexico in ruins.

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